

A
JOURNAL
OF A
SUMMER'S EXCURSION,
By the ROAD of
MONTECASINO to NAPLES,
And from thence over all the Southern PARTS of
ITALY, SICILY, and MALTA;
IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXII.



Scandit Æneas vitiosa naves

Cura———

Post Equitem sedet atra cura.

HOR.

A
J. O. U. N. A. I.

SHIRAZ & EXCURSION

ROAD of



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P R E F A C E.

T O T H E F R I E N D.

Who shall PERUSE this LITTLE WORK,

TRAVELLING through a Part of Italy, visited but by few, and described by none, I thought it incumbent on me to take such Notes as might thereafter give an adequate Idea of the State and Face of the Country, to the Curious of my Friends and Acquaintance. To render the Narrative less dry, I have interspersed several classical Remarks and Quotations; and for the Sake of my female Acquaintance, I have regularly and literally translated them.

In the Progress of the same Tour, I visited the Islands of Sicily and Malta, these indeed are Countries better known; and yet, on comparing this Account with others, I cannot deem it so wholly devoid
of

P R E F A C E.

*of Novelty as not to give some little Information,
some little Entertainment.*

As this Book is a confined Publication, solely dedicated to the Amusement of a Friend, I shall expect, that if any fantastical Flight, any whimsical Expression, should force a Smile—I shall expect that partial, recollecting Friendship, give it the Turn of Complacency: These few Pages, the wild Offspring of often a fatigued, often a distempered Brain, are not to be more severely scrutinized than a social Conversation; for when I arrived at my evening Stage, I retired to relate to my Friend the Tale of the Day, and the following Pages are simply copied from those genuine hasty Papers. The original Manuscript is interspersed with various Sketches of interesting Spots and Antiquities, on which I should otherwise have been more explicit; but I believe I need not apologize for Brevity, rather let Brevity apologize for the Rest.

14 JUN 62




A

JOURNAL, &c.

ROMAN STATE.

PILASTRINA, *April 27th, 1772.*


 HE Sun had just gilded the high-
 ermost Stone of the noble Amphi-
 theatre of *Flavius*, when we passed
 it, immediately left the high Road,
 and by a less beaten Track, struck over the vast
 Plain of *Rome*; scarcely had we reached the
 neighbouring Mountains, when the Scenè be-
 came broken and picturesque, beyond the Wish
 of the most luxurious Eye; about Four in the
 Afternoon we arrived at *Pilastrina*, better
 known by its antient Name *Præneste*: It is
 placed on the extreme Point of a Branch of the
 Appennines, shooting forth into a most exten-

five and highly cultivated Plain; this Peculiarity of Situation makes it a most beautiful Point of View, for many Miles; and in return regales it with Prospects, as various as extensive; at the same Time, its Altitude and Want of Shelter lay it open to the Tramontane Winds, which rustling from the snowy Summits of the Appennines, cool e'en the glowing Cheek of Summer.

* — or the Cold *Præneste*—says *Horace*,
and *Juvenal*—

|| Who fears, or ever fear'd the Shock,
On cold *Præneste*'s dreary Rock?

This as well as most other Places, is fond of throwing its Antiquity back as far as the Trojan War; some say, it was founded by *Prænestus*, Son of *Ulysses* and *Circe*; *Plutarch* says, by another Son called *Telegonus*, who built and named the Place *Πραίνεστον*, which the Barbarism of vulgar Pronunciation gradually drew into *Præneste*. *Virgil* gives the Honor of Founder to one *Cæculus*.

* And

* *Seu mihi frigidum Præneste.*

|| *Quis timet aut timuit gelidâ Præneste ruinam?*

• And great *Prænestes*, Founder *Cæculus*,
Who sprung from *Vulcan*, rul'd the rustic
Tribe.

The modern Town is still Replete with Vestiges of its antient Grandeur: near the Centre of the Town are the Remains of five Antient Columns, the Capitals of four of them, of a fine composite Order, and a little above is a Piece of antient Wall, with two very rich Corinthian Pilasters, and over the whole Place are scattered, many Fragments and Remains of Antiquity; but by much the most Remarkable are those of the famous Temple of *Fortuna Primogenita*. Says *Silius Italicus*.

|| *Præneste* sanctified by th' hallow'd Mount
Of Fortune.

Trace the Remains of this Temple, they will be found very well to coincide with the Expression "jugis," for indeed the whole Side of the Mountain must have been hallow'd Ground.

A 2

Four

* *Nec Prænestinæ* Founder desuit urbis
(*Vulcano* genitum pecore inter agrestia Regem
Inventumque focus omnis quem credidit *Ætas*)
Cæculus.—————

|| ————sacrisque dicatnm
Fortuna Præneste jugis.

Four Terraces were raised one above the Other, on the Declivity of the Mountain, the lowest Terrace being the longest, the next shorter, and thus on Pyramidically to the Vertex, where stood the high Fane of the Goddess; these Terraces were faced with Walls of about thirty Feet Altitude, of diverse Matter and Decoration; the lowermost is of Brick, ornamented with Niches; the second Wall is perforated with Arches, adorned with Pilasters; the third is of the *Opus Reticulatum*, or Net Work, and bears the Appearance of having been incrusted; the fourth, and last of which, there are any Remains, is of hewn Stone: It was in this Temple, as we learn from * *Pliny*, that the Mosaic Pavement was first made Use of.

KINGDOM of *NAPLES*.

MONTECASINO, *April* the 31st.

THE Cock just hail'd the Dawn, the Sky
 was grey, the divers Objects of the vast
 Plain below half glimmered to the Sight, when
 we

* *Lithostrata pavimenta Captivere jam sub Sylla par-
 vulis certe,*

*Crustis extat Hodieque quod in Fortunæ delubro Pra-
 neste fecit.*

we descended from *Præneste*.—Our Road lay through a Country most beautifully contrasted by a flowery Chain of Vallies, twisted and winding amidst cloud capt Mountains; the Richness of Soil and Cultivation in these Bottoms was beyond Idea; and what seem'd most surprising, thro' a vast Tract of these luxuriant labour'd Vales, not an House, scarcely an Hut was to be seen: The Country People, fearful of the bad Air, occasioned by the stagnated Water, pent up Vapours and strong Exhalations in these deep Vallies, flock to small Towns, placed on the Declivity of the Hills. It was observable with respect to the Peasants, that the Women went bare Foot, while the Men were all well and cleanly shod; they seem'd a happy, honest, hard working People; nor could there be a better Proof of it, than that we met not with a Beggar during the whole Journey; whereas on the high Roads of *Italy*, a Traveller is greeted with the Moan of half the Vilage, every Post he arrives at. The second Day, late in the Evening we Arrived at *Casino*; near it are some few Fragments of a Temple, and small Amphitheatre; twelve Years ago, a Stone was found there, and is now deposited in the Convent of *Monte Casino*, with this Inscription,

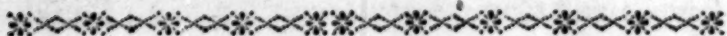
on.—“Ummidia C. T. Quadratilla Amphithe-
 ‘ atrum et Templum Cassinatibus sua pecunia
 ‘ fecit.”

From the little Town of *Casino*, you have three Miles of very steep Ascent to the Convent of that Name; we delivered our Letter of Recommendation, when one of the Order very politely offered us his Services.—The Convent is of vast Extent, its Church is very large and richly incrusted with the most precious Stones and Marbles, but both the Architecture and Incrustation, are of the worst Taste; it possesses several good Pictures, chiefly of the *Neapolitan* School; of which the finest is a large Picture over the great Door, representing the Sanctification of Saint *Benedetto* the Founder, by *Luca Giordano*. In the Refectory is a most noble and large Picture of the Miracles of the Loaves and Fishes, by *Bassan*; and in the private Apartments of the Convent, among several other good old Pictures, is a fine Holy Family of *Raphael*: In the Library is a Chair quite perfect, of oriental red Marble, of most excellent Workmanship; said to be of the Times of *Augustus*. This is supposed to be one of the richest and most powerful Convents in *Italy*. A

Word

Word with respect to its Institution. The Community consists of near eighty Religious, all of noble Birth, and a Father Abbè, whose Office, dureth six Years; at the End of which he returns to a private Station in the Order, and another is thence chosen in his Room: The Father is by his Office first Baron of the Kingdom of *Naples*; and if Honour should attend Power and Riches, pre-eminence of Place is justly his: For the Convent numbers, from the lofty Pinnacle where it stands, six and thirty Villages, which with the adjacent Lands belong to them, and are subject to their feudal Jurisdiction in its greatest Extent, besides various Possessions in *Calabria*, and other Parts of *Italy*. They are obliged by their Institution to Hospitality; every Traveller, poor or rich, hath a claim to Bed and Board for three Days, in a style of Magnificence and Commodity according to his Rank. We dined in a private Apartment with the Father, who shewed us the Convent; our Dinner consisted of nine Dishes, of most excellent Cookery; voluptuous Anchorites! Every Kind of Trade, recommended by Necessity or Pleasure, is carried on within their Walls: Last Carnival I am informed, they had Musici there to divert them with Operas. They go any
where

where within the limits of *Italy*, whenever they choose; they are in nothing restricted, as other Orders; they Hunt, they Shoot, indeed what do they not do? there were but thirty Religious of the eighty at the Convent when I visited it; going up to the Convent, I was desired to observe an Impression in the Rock, made by the Knee of St. *Benedetto*, when he said his Prayers there; I expected a most perfect Intaglio of a Knee but must own was disappointed. By the Bye, these reverend Fathers being obliged to entertain all who chuse to Honour them with their Company, have taken Care to render the Passage through their Domain, so difficult as well to obviate any Temptation their good Cheer might offer; more Pains are taken here to destroy the Roads, than in any other Part of *Italy* to mend them.



ARIANO, *May* 13th.

THE seventh Day we arrived at *Naples*; a few Days afterwards Mr. T—— joining us, we engaged a Muleteer, and immediately set forward towards *Appulia*, a Horse falling sick, we the first Day only made sixteen Miles, through a very rich flat Country. The Cultivation might in some Parts be termed even Triple,

ple, Fruit-Trees supporting Festoons of Vines, afforded in this Climate, a by no means noxious Shade to various sorts of Grain; to obviate any Accident to their Fruit Trees, they substitute the Hoe to the Plough-Shear, and turn the Furrow by manual Labour; the Men and Women promiscuously working in the Field; the severest Toils of Agriculture are in this Country common to both Sexes. The second Day we passed *Avellino*, antiently called *Avellinum*: It is no despicable Town, and the Approach to it through a long Avenue of exceeding large Poplars, is most noble; it is situated in a Bottom surrounded by very high Mountains, covered with Woods; we din'd there, and the same Evening reached *Mirabella*; having passed a rich mountainous Country and very populous. If one may judge from the Number of the Villages, no single House, and scarcely an Hut being to be seen. At Day break leaving *Mirabella*, we still continued mounting and descending the Ridges of the Appennines, abounding much in Corn, little in Cattle; the Prospect was every where on a vast and striking Scale, highly contrasted with Hill and Dale, of which not a Spot escapes the Vigilance of the Countrymen, save now and then a towering snow-clad

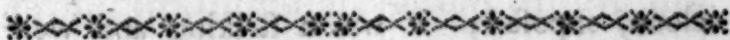
clad Rock, which raising its huge Head unto the seventh Heaven, seemed to disdain all Commerce with Man. The Rivers here are by no Means, either so profitable or ornamental as in tamer plain Countries; they are unpassable Torrents which lay waste the Country, or mere Beds of Gravel, according to the Accidents of Weather and Season. In the Evening we arrived at *Ariano*, (the antient *Ara Jani*,) situated on the Pinnacle of an exceeding high Mountain; an extensive Town, of a most singular Appearance from the Grottos, cut one above another on the Side of the Hill, which being fortified with Doors, form tolerable Habitations for the poorer Inhabitants. Nine Miles to the South of *Ariano* is the famous Lake of *Ansanto*.

- A spot there is i'th' Midst of *Italy*,
Shaded by the Appenines huge Top and
known,
And Fam'd thro' distant Parts, *Ampsanctus*'
Vale :

On

- Est locus *Italiae* in medio sub montibus altis
Nobilis et fama multis memoratus in oris,
Ampsancti valles, densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, medioque fragoras
Dat sonitum saxi et to to vertice torrens. *Virg.*

On either side impends a gloomy Grove,
 T' th' Midst a Torrent dashing from above,
 Rolls with deep Murmers thro' the rocky
 Vale.



FOGGIA, May 16th, 1773.

FIFTEEN Miles from *Ariano* commences the large Forest of *Bovino*, set apart for the Chace of His *Sicilian* Majesty; leaving which we entered on a hilly-Down of rich Pasture, from the Brow of which, at thirty Miles Distance, we had a fine Prospect of the Adriatic, looking over an immense Plain, beautifully chequered with Corn, Pasturage and Villages; nearly in the Center of this Plain stands *Foggia*, a pretty provincial Town, containing some few Gentry; on our Arrival, finding a Fair there, and nominally the Greatest in the Kingdom, for live Stock of all Kinds, we determined to rest there a Day or two; the Cattle were not very numerous, small and out of order; the Horses have in General the happy Quality of Vice without Spirit. From *Foggia* towards the Sea, you look on the towering Mount *Gargano*, not a little noted in *Italy* for its Chapel and Grotto of, I forget what Saint; stretching forth into the Sea: It forms the great Gulph of *Manfredonia*.

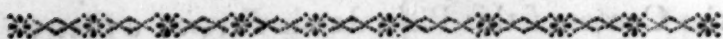
• *Appulian*

* *Appulian Garganus* shoots forth amidst
The *Adriatic* Waves. *Virg.*

It stands solitary, aloof from the other
Mountains, which border this Plain; open,
alone, exposed;—it was a striking and well
chosen descriptive Circumstance of a stormy
Season, That

‡ *Garganus* labours now with all his Cocks.
Horace.

Fifteen Miles to the North-West of *Foggia*,
lies the Town of *Lucera*, which the *Romans*
were marching to relieve, when they fell into
the Ambuscade, in the *Caudine Forks*.



MOLFETA, May the 19th.

What a vast! what a level Plain! Miles
and Miles we travelled on, and the Horizon
seemed to fly before our Horses Heads; at
thirty Miles Distance from *Foggia*, we found
a single House, with no other Accomodation
than dirty Straw; the next Morning we con-
tinued our Journey over the Plain (a waste
Down, spotted here and there with Acres of
various

* *Appulus Adriacus* exit *Garganus* in undas. *Virg.*

‡ *Querfeta Gargani* Laborant. *Hor.*

various Kinds of Grain) eight Miles from our Nest, we arrived at and passed the *l'Ofanto*, better known by the antient Name *Aufidus*: Spight of the Poets, this River when we passed it, was but a tame and muddy Stream; and yet *Horace* says,

* And thus the horned *Aufidus* doth roll,
Where thro *Appulian Daunus'* Realm he pour,
When raging from his boistrous Source, he
threats

A dreadful Deluge to the laboured Field.
And again,

‡ Snatch'd with the moulder'd Bank away,
Of rapid *Aufidus* the Prey.

The Truth is, that Rivers in this Country may come under any Predicament, according to Circumstances of Season. Having passed this famous River, we entered on the memorable Field of *Cannæ*, the most level and forming Part of the most extensive Plain, I ever beheld;

* Sic Tauriformis volvitur *Aufidus*.
Qua Regna *Dauni* præfluit *Appuli*,
Cum sævit horren damque cultis
Diluvium minitatur ægris.

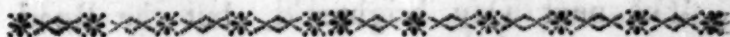
‡ Cum ripa semel avolsos serat *Aufidus* acer.

beheld: It was here that, in the second *Punic* War, *Hamibal* routed and destroyed almost the whole *Roman* Army, under the Command of *Terentius Varro*. Four Miles from the *Au-fidus* we reached *Barletta*, antiently called *Barduli*; a well built sea-port Town, formerly tollerably fortified, but the Walls are now in ruin, and nothing in decent Repair but the Castle; there seems to be but bad riding for Vessels of Burthen, and even small Boats may be much exposed: in the Market-place is an antique colossal imperial Statue, but not of fine Workmanship.

From *Barletta* we reached *Trani*, likewise a sea-port Town. It carries its Antiquity as far back as the Trojan War, claiming *Tyren-nus* the Son of *Diomedes* for its Founder, who called it *Tyrennum*. *Trajan* rebuilt and augmented it: and from that Epoch it bore the Name of *Trajanopolis*, for Brevity's Sake it was afterwards called *Trajani*, and at present *Trani*: The same Day we passed another maritime Town called *Biscelio*; and from *Biscelio* late in the Evening arrived at *Molfeta*.

The Country we passed between *Barletta* and

and *Molfeta* was exceedingly rich in various Sorts of Corn and Vines; Almond, Pomegranate Trees and Olives, being at random Distances, reared in the same Field with the Barley and Wheat. I never saw any Thing which so much resembled the antique Accuracy in Building, as in these small maritime Towns. They are built of a Kind of hard Stone, (or rather bastard Marble than Stones) so well and truly fitted together, that there is almost Room to doubt, whether they make use of any Cement; the Houses are as nasty and inconvenient within, as they appear handsome and well-built from without. The Road from *Naples* as far as *Barletta* is very good, for which the Public is obliged to the King's liking the Chace of *Bovino*; as it is obliged for the Road from *Naples* to *Rome*, to His Majesty's being married;—Kings in these Regions are not Kings of the People, but the People, People of the Kings.



BARI, May 20th.

* * SCARCELY had the Sun from the Mountain's Top summoned Nature to Life, when
we

* Giminy Gominy for Mr. B—— W——, F. R. S.

we hailed her, as yet an uncertain Mass rising
 to Existence; say not, she was, when buried
 in the cold Womb of Night,—no!—Sound
 exists not to the Deaf, nor luxurious Meats to
 the Tasteless: the Sun itself to the blind, lives
 but in its genial Warmth; and to Nature lost
 in Darkness and in Nothingness; Night is the
 Shroud of Death! The Country was in the
 same Richness of Cultivation as the preceding
 Day; but the Road most insufferably bad;
 more than once our crazy Equipage fail'd,
 when being obliged to descend, we were well
 foused by a Rain which fell in very Torrents;
 I could not help thinking of *Horace*, who in
 the Account of his Journey into these Parts,
 much complains of like Impediments; says he,
 † Tir'd out, as Travellers well might be,
 who'd pass

So many Miles; and those most rugged, made
 By Rain still worse; to *Rubum* thence we
 came,

The next Day brighten'd, but the Road
 grew worse,

E'en till we touch'd on *Bari's* fishy Coast.

And

† Inde *Rubum* fessi pervenimus utpote longum
 Carpentis iter et factum corruptius imbri.
 Postera tempestas melior; via pejor adusque,
Bari mœnia piscosi.

Hor. Lib. I. l. 5.

And indeed it is finely situated for Fishing; enjoying a very flat sandy Shore; it hath a very good little Port for small Vessels, but I saw no Place where those of Burthen might meet with the same Shelter and Security. This Town is the provincial Capital for many Miles round, which from it bear the Title of *Terra di Bari*; and is moreover the Seat of an Archbishop. The Town (large for this Part of the World) bears a decent Appearance from without, but within Doors still affords the same nauseous Scene of Dirt and Vermin as the neighbouring Places; the best and most habitable Houses are negligently left to Cobwebs and every kind of Filth. There is nothing remarkable in the Town, save the Cathedral of *St. Nicholas*, a gothic Building in which are mixed some few Attempts at the Grecian Taste; several antique granite Columns are made use of in the Building, but the odd Capitals which are posted on them, I think, even attempted Ridicule could scarcely have surpassed: under the Cathedral is a subterraneous Church, well worth looking into for its Oddity; the Ceiling is all painted, and by some masterly Hand; we thought it favoured of the School of *Calabrese*. In proportion as we were distant from *Naples*, we found the Females of a

less hedious Race; the Breed in these Parts, is really not disgusting even to an English Eye.



BRINDISI, May the 22d.

Having rested one Day at *Bari*, we coasted on to *Mola*, through the same rich cultivated Course as before; from *Mola* the Earth seemed less Fertile and less Laboured, till we reached *Polignano*, near which commenced an extensive Olive Grove, shading some fine Wheat and Barley; in the Midst of the Grove, stands a Monument with an Inscription in remembrance of Amity restored between the Inhabitants of *Polignano*, and another Sea-Port called *Monopoli*, situated at the Exit of the Grove: all these Sea-Ports are small Towns of much the same Size and Appearance; if any perhaps *Monopoli* may bear the Palm: The Ports are not proper for Ships of any Burthen, nor is it necessary, as both the Legislation and Prejudice are professed Enemies to Trade; they are fortified by a single Wall, weak and out of repair; nor doth it signify; as they have no more formidable Enemy to oppose than a Skift of *Moors*; we layed at *Monopoli*, and the next Day proceeded on through a Country of Olives, Corn and some few Vines to the *Torre d'Amazzo*, where we stopt

stop to view the Ruins of the antient Town of *Egnatia*; there are little Remains save of the Walls, the Circuit of which is very conspicuous, and some Wells; now washed into by the Sea; which seems somewhat to have encroached on this Coast. We learn from *Horace* that they had their Superstition and Miracles in these Parts in Times of Yore, as well as to Day.

- Built in Despight of *Adria's* angry Wave,
Then *Gnatia* greeted us, and made us smile
With pious Tales of Frankincense, consumm'd

On th' Sacred Hearth, without the Fires
Aid :

Appellas the *Judean* may believe—not I.

From the *Torre d' Amazzo* we wandered in a most extensive Forest, 'till very late in the Evening, when we struck into a most noble old Olive Ground, belonging to the *Francavilla* Family, in whose Castle finding a single miserable Matrafs, we all threw ourselves upon it and Slept, as *Morpheus* himself. The next Morning

* dehinc *Gnatia* lymphis
I ratis extracta dedit risusq; jocosque,
Dum flamma sine thura liquefcere limini sacro
Persuadere cupit, credat judæus *Appellas*
Non Ego. ————— *Horace*.

ing the Forest recommenced, when having pursued our Tract in it, for about five Hours, we gained *Brindisi*, whose antient Name *Brundisium* (as *Strabo* informs us) was derived from the Word *Brentesio*, which in the antient Language of the Country, signified a Stag's-Head; to which he observes, that the Place much resembles.

The Town is situated in the Depth of a narrow Bay, running far into the Land; within this Bay are many smaller, formed by the jutting out of small Promontories, or Necks of Land; at the Entrance of the outer Bay, are two or three small Islands, on one of which is a very strong Fortrefs; these Islands secure a safe riding to Vessels, which, if the Port was properly cleared, might enter even into the lesser or innermost Harbours. This Town, a small dirty Sea-port, with few Merchants and fewer Gentry, was antiently under the Name of *Brundisium*, a most populous and known City it carried its Antiquity as far back as a Colony of *Cretans*, who after the *Trojan* War, settled in this Part of *Italy*, and were its Founders; *Strabo* carries its Origin and Antiquity much higher, when he says, " that at the Time the

" *Parthenoitæ*

" *Partheniote* took Possession of *Taranto*, this
 " City was the flourishing Capital of all *Mes-*
 " *sapia*." This is the Place famous for the
 Defence of *Pompey* against *Cæsar*; this is the
 Place to which was directed and where ended
 the *Appian Way*; this was the Goal of *Horace's*
 Journey, of which he hath given us so humour-
 ous and elegant a Description; on this Shore the
 Ashes of a *Germanicus*, and Tears of an *Agrip-*
pina, first kissed their native Soil, & Here (some
 few Years before) the Tongue of *Tully* poured
 forth his Blessings on his native Land, called
 from the Pains of Exile, by the united Accla-
 mations of *Rome*, exulting in Gratitude and
 Freedom; how few revolving Years elapsed
 'twixt either Epoch! tremble ye great Ones of
 the Earth.



OTRANTO, May 27th.

FROM *Brindisi* we pursued our Tract, in a
 Forest of Ever-greens, for about eight Miles,
 when the Country became tolerably rich in
 Corn, Oil and Wine; the Vines not pendant
 from Elm to Elm, but low and standard Trees,
 as in *France*. In the Evening we arrived at
Lecce, (the antient *Aletium*) a large handsome
 Town, about eight Miles from the Coast; it

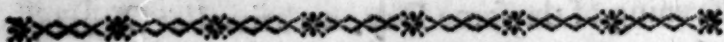
is chiefly built of a Kind of Stone, which fresh from the Quarry, is so soft that it may be worked with a Knife, exposed to the Air, it gradually hardens; till in fine it becomes of sufficient Durity to answer all the Purposes of Builder; this Quality gives great Advantage to the Architects, which indeed they have not neglected; there is such a Profusion of Workmanship within and without every Church and other large Building, as I never beheld before: The Taste of Architecture is very uncommon to other Places, and I must own most ingeniously Vile: At *Lecce* fifty different sorts of Capitals, Friezes, and entire Orders are to be seen, and (Thanks to the Gods) to be seen nowhere else. As a Sample of these Peculiarities, be remembered, a Shaft of a Column, consisting of Cushions, placed one on the other; and the Capitals of a Plume of Feathers, *che Bathos!* here and there, in the Churches, are to be seen Pictures of *Solimeni* and his tawdry School; large as this Place is, it bears no Proportion to the Number of Convents, of which there are thirty-six, and many of them large, rich, and profusely ornamented.

From *Lecce*, we pursued our Journey through
a plain

a plain open Country, undiversified by other Objects than a few stragling Olives; and in the Evening of the same Day, we arrived at *Otranto*, where we found an Order at the Gate, to proceed immediately to the Archbishop's Palace, for whom we had Letters.

Otranto, antiently called *Hydruntium*, is the most wretched and smallest Place, that ever bore the Title of Town; its Claim to the Rank of Capital of the large Tract of Country which bears its Name, is founded on its Antiquity, and former Wealth and Power; its present Title to Pre-eminence, is certainly but weak: It is a small dirty Sea-Port, fortified by a Fort and Castle, both of little Force. The Palace of the Archbishop is the only decent Building in the Town, but nothing striking, save from the noble and ingenuous Hospitality of its Lord; the first who hath recalled to my Mind the old *Grecian* Stories of generous, friendly and disinterested Reception: *Otranto* may however boast a beautiful Situation, the Sea sending forth many small romantic Bays into the Country; the Level of which for a Mile or two round the Town, is very much diversified and broken, and covered with Gardens of Oranges;

in short, all the Variety of Fruits proper to a warm Climate.



GALLIPOLI, May 3^{ist}.

HAVING staid two Days at *Otranto*, the Captives of the Archbishop's Hospitality and good Humour, we proceeded on to the extreme Promontory of *Italy*, call'd the *Capo di Leuca*: The intermediate Country produces Corn, Oil, Tobacco, Cotton and Wine; the last in a small Quantity, but very strong and well Flavoured, the *Capo di Leuca*, formerly called the *Prom Iapigium*, is a lofty but not a very bold or striking Promontory; the Clift not being abrupt, but shelving rather gradually towards the Sea: where antiently stood the Temple of *Minerva*, now stands a small Convent and Church, sacred to the *Madona*; there are some Fragments of of old Wall near the Church, but neither of a Form nor Workmanship, which might give Probability to the Idea, that they were Remains of the Temple.

The next Morning we left the Cape, and passing through a Country of much the same Soil and Cultivation as the preceding Day, arrived at *Gallipoli*.

From

From Mount *Gargano* to the extreme Point or Heel of *Italy*, is a perfect Plain, extending from the Sea-shore into the Country, more or less, on the Average, about twenty Miles; there bounded by the Apennines or some stragling branch thereof: along the Coast, and for some Miles into the Country, the Soil is in general exceedingly rocky but nevertheless fertile; the Rocks being in most Parts covered by a Foot of rich Mould, the Cultivation of which has been by no Means neglected; we found the Inhabitants as honest as they could be, in a Country where excessive Itch for Gain is the ruling Passion, and no Means employed to the Attainment thereof reproachable: From the highest to the lowest, it is honourable to overreach; and there is not a more contemptuous Term than (*Minchione* or) the Name of being cheated; when Honour and Profit concur in their Attack, it must necessarily be irresistible; the Consequence is ready, there is not a Man in the Country but would pick your Pocket if he could. We found the lower Class of People very civil and obliging, when treated with Familiarity; the Inns indeed were desirous of taking Advantage of the happy Chance of an *Englishman's* Arrival, but their utmost Exorbitancy

tancy would be deemed cheap on the great Roads of *Italy*; add to this, that they were much superior in Accommodation of every Kind. Every Person of superior Rank in Life, whom Accident or our Letters introduced us to, shewed us the greatest Attention and Hospitality. One very striking Thing to a Traveller through this Country, is the Oddity of the Religion; it is, *Christianity* without *Christ*, who is scarcely ever named or thought of; every one hath his favourite Saint on whom he places his sole Reliance; dates all his good Fortune from him, and lays his ill Luck to the rest; whom, at every unfortunate Rub, he curses most heartily. The *Virgin Mary* too is in general Repute, but for the KING of Hosts, they put him in the State of a weak, earthly Monarch, who doth nothing without the previous Assent and Advice of his first Minister; which Pre-eminence of Place each gives to his own particular Patron, and plays the Champion to prove his Superiority in Miracles, to all whatever; not excepting those of the Gospel itself: I asked a sensible Man, whether these Saintists gave Omnipresence to their Patrons, and if not, how they could suppose that they should listen to them at every different Time and

and Place: He resolved my Question with,
 “ as a King gives a Petition into the Hands of
 “ his Secretary, so they suppose that *Christ*
 “ stands on the Watch, and advertises St. *An-*
 “ *toine* or others, of the particular Business of
 “ the Day, which is to pass through their re-
 “ spective Offices, and be dispatched for his
 “ signing.

The Thirtieth of *May* we arrived at *Galli-*
poli, known to the Antients under the Names
 of *Callipolis* and *Anxa*,) a small Town covering
 a little Island connected with the *Terra Firma*,
 by an handsome Stone Bridge; it is well built,
 and inhabited chiefly by mercantile People,
 who settle here for the Conveniency of the Oil
 Trade; which from the neighbouring Provinces
 is drawn to, and Center, in this little Town:
 Ships of all Nations, more particularly *English*,
 take off the Oil set apart for Exportation; last
 Year there were three or four and forty *English*
 Vessels, which came to load at this Port: There
 is moreover a Manufacture of *Muslins*, from
 the Cotton of the Country, which forms no
 inconsiderable Branch of Commerce. The
 Churches in the Town are of a bad Taste of
 Architecture, as are all public Buildings in this
 Part

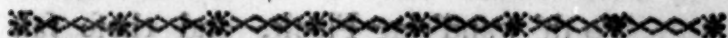
Part of *Italy*, heavy charged with a Profusion of minute Work; in short the very Reverse of that Simplicity which characterized the *Greek* Orders in their Antient pure Taste. The Cathedral is rich in Paintings of *Giordano*, *Catalana*, and *Copolo*, (or *Coypel*) who was a Native of this Place, and really a masterly Artist.

This Town, from Situation, might be deemed capable of standing a Seige, was not the Castle so ingeniously placed, that the Town must ever be between it and the Enemy; and moreover there are certain Rocks about one hundred and fifty Yards from the Island, under the Covert of which, a Bomb-ketch might lay and bombard the Town, without its being capable of the least Resistance; you have from hence, a fine View of the Gulph of *Taranto*, but the Eye is not strong enough to reach the opposite Shore of *Calabria*: The Gulph begins from the *Capo de Leuca*. *Aeneas* says, * “ we leave the suspected Lands,” (namely of *Brindisi* and *Otranto*, where *Diomedes* and other *Greeks* had settled.)

*————— Suspectaque linguimus arva
Hinc finis *Herculei*, (si vera est fama *Tarenti*
Cernitur.—————

Virg. Lib 2.

settled,) "Hence we beheld *Tarentum's* spreading Bay."



TARENTO, June 6th.

The fourth of this Month we left Gallipoli, and passing through a Country possessing some little Corn, Oil and Wine, but chiefly a waste Down scattered with sweet Herbs and Ever-greens, we came to a small walled Town, called *Vitranto*; the next Day we passed several small Villages, inhabited by *Greeks* and *Albanese*, who retain their original Language, and many of their national Customs: To the Right we had a View of the antient Town *Ouria*, the noted Birth Place of *Ennius*, and thence termed by *Horace* the Seat of the *Calabræ Pierides*. The Country was in the same moderate State of Cultivation as the preceeding Day, 'till we reached the Vale of *Taranto*; the antient *Tarentum*, carrying its Origin as high as *Taras*, the Son of *Neptune*: it was afterwards seized and repeopled by the *Partheniote*, who, ashamed of an Habitation where every Object reproached them with their spurious Birth; under the conduct of one *Phalanthus*, fled their native Country, *Sparta*, and came and settled in these Parts: Hence *Horace* calls it the "*Lacedæmonian Tarentum*." and again.

- I'll seek *Galefus* Stream, which flows most sweet,

To th' wand'ring Flock, and those fair
Fields, where once

Phalanthus resign'd.—————

The modern Town is situated on a small Island, in the Entrance of a Bay, something more than a Mile over, winding near two Leagues into the Country. This innermost Bay is called the *Mare Piccolo*. Without the Island (which is joined to either Side of the Continent by stone Bridges) is another Bay, formed by the Cape of *St. Vito* and two or three small Islands. This outermost Bay is of a Form and Size, with respect to the inland Sea, which might bear the Similitude of a Bulk of a Bottle to its Neck: In this large Bay is good riding for Vessels of Burthen, which cannot enter into the *Mare Piccolo*: We are informed indeed by *Strabo*, that this was the antient Harbour; but now, on either Side of the Island, the Passage is too much choaked up to admit any larger Vessel than a fishing Boat.

The

—————aut *Lacedemonium Tarentum*,

Dulce Pellitis ovibus Galefi

Flumen Aregnata Petam Laconi

—————*Rura Phalantho.*

The Town of *Taranto*, in Itself, neither possessing the Advantages of Magnificence or Neatness; from this extraordinary Situation is rendered the most delightful Habitation that one can imagine; nor doth it reap less of the Useful than of the Agreeable from this happy Accident of Place: The *Mare Piccolo* at once supplies it with an astonishing Quantity and Variety of of the finest Fish, accessible even in the most tempestuous Weather; while assisted by a happy Climate, it renders the Country almost spontaneously productive of every Fruit and Vegetable that the Calls of Want, or even Luxury could demand: No Wonder it was so noted among the Antients—the wonder is, that it is not equally known and made a polite Resort of by the modern *Italians*. * “I give Thee, “ the fat luxuriant Soil of *Taranto*, for thee “ and thy People to inhabit,”—said the Oracle to *Phalanthus*—and *Virgil*,

‡ If thou delight’st to list the lowing Herd,
Or bleating Flock, or see the scraggy Goat
Brouze

* Σάλυρον τοι δώκεν ταραντα τὴ πικρὰ θάλασσα
οἰκῆσθαι.

‡ Lin armenta majis studium vitulosque tueri,
Aut fætus ovium aut urentes culta capellas
Saltus et Saturi petito longinqua *Tarenti*.—2d. *Georgic*.

Brouze on the trembling Shrub, go speed
thy Steps,
To *Taranto's* exuberant Dale.

These Blessings of Situation, Soil and Climate, rendering a People rich and indolent, are irresistible incentives to Pride and all the Vices of Effeminacy. The antient *Tarantines* rivalled even the *Sybarites* in Softness and Luxury. *Horace* calls it the “soft *Tarentum*” and again in his Epistle to *Mæcenas*,

* Far from the busy Scene of Royal *Rome*,
I long to loiter in the calm Retreats
Of *Tibur*—or enjoy th’ unwarlike Bent
Which lulls *Tarentum*.

At the Extreme Depth of the *Mare Piccola*, disembogues the antient *Galesus*, or *Eurotas*, on the Banks of which, as we learned from *Virgil*, stood the very antient Town of *Æbalia*.

‡ Well I remember where the dark *Galesus*
Moistens the Glebe beneath *Æbalias* Wall,
To have seen the *Corycian* Sage.

The

* Mihi jam non *Pregia Roma*,
Sed vacuum *Tibur* placet aut imbellæ *Tarentum*.

‡ Namque sub *Æbalia* memini me turribus altis,
Qua niger humectat flaventia culta *Galesus*
Corycium vidisse senem,

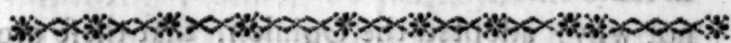
The chief Commerce of this Place is of Corn and Grain of divers Kinds, in which this Country most richly abounds, and for which the *French* and *Genoese* are the chief foreign Traffickers: Their Manufactures are of Cottons, and a sort of Tuft, gathered from a large Shell Fish peculiar (they say) to those Seas; of which they knit Gloves, Stockings and other Apparel. There are few, or rather no Remains of the antient City, which stood on the *Terra Firma*, where stands the modern Town, contained antiently the Citadel alone. Before we leave this Place, one Word with respect to the Bite of the Tarantula, the Effect of which I have known many well instructed Men much doubt: Staying at *Taranto* only two or three Days, I had no Opportunity of being an Eye Witness to the Fact; applying for Information to our Consul, and others of Credit and Understanding, the following is the Account they gave me.—

“ The Animal lies chiefly in the Hedges, or
 “ among Weeds in the Corn Fields, or Gar-
 “ dens: The Women, who of the poorer Sort
 “ in this Country, work naked footed, are the
 “ most exposed, and most often bit; when
 “ bit, they are almost instantaneously seized by
 C “ the

“ the Fever; when they fall into a Kind of
 “ convulsed Trance: The Musician is imme-
 “ diately called for, who running over his
 “ List of Tunes, which Experience has found
 “ proper to the Disorder; marks attentively
 “ what sort of Tune seems to catch the Pati-
 “ ents Ear; as soon as he hath hit the particular
 “ Air, the Patient falls into a convulsed Mo-
 “ tion on the Bed; in a few Minutes, starts up
 “ and dances most violently, or rather jumps
 “ about in odd convulsed Attitudes, but most
 “ exactly in Time; till faint and spent, he
 “ falls down covered with a profuse Sweat;
 “ after a little Repose, he often reiterates his
 “ Dance a second, third and fourth Time, till
 “ quite exhausted, he is put to Bed, and in a
 “ short Time recovers: Every Year at the
 “ Period of the Bite, the Patient is subject to
 “ a Relapse, when he strictly adheres to the
 “ former salutary Tune, appearing Deaf
 “ to all others:” It is the Opinion of the com-
 mon People, that they are doomed to this annual
 Dancing, till the Animal who bit them dies.

Being informed, that Spectators were often
 admitted, who were expected in general, to
 leave

leave some Trifle in Charity to the Patient; I asked whether the Whole might not be a well acted Comedy, a mere Trick to get Money? I was answered no, for that the Alms were trifling, and that moreover, the Patients were often afflicted by a Complication of other Maladies, which rendered the Dancing dangerous, painful, and sometimes even fatal to them; Exemplifying Women with Child and gouty Men; the Accident and Remedy, they said, were both very common, adding, that there were in the Country round, many who made a comfortable Livelyhood, merely by playing to People bit by the Tarantula.



PELICARO, *June the 10th.*

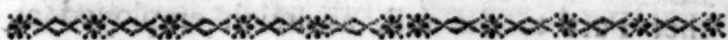
Yesterday Morning we left *Taranto* and its rich Vale, when having passed the *Taro*, we struck into an extensive Wood of Firs and Ever-Greens, here and there patched with an Acre or two of Grain or Pasture. Towards the Evening we quitted it, and through an open Corn Country, arrived late at *Torre di Mare*, consisting of a Watch Tower and Farm

C. 2 House

House, placed nearly in the Centre of the anti-
 ent Town *Metapontum*; the Circuit of the Walls
 of which, is evidently to be traced.—The
 next Morning we rode five Miles into the
 Country, to see what the Peasants call the *Ta-
 vola dei Giganti*; it is a Ruin of some oblong
 Building, ten Columns of a rude Doric stand in
 in one Line; five only of the opposite File re-
 main; they are fluted, the Diameter of the Shaft
 is two Feet eighteen Inches, and about five Di-
 ameters and an half go to the Column, which
 is more swelte than those of *Pessi*, and hath a
 Base. The whole Building appeared to be a-
 bout ninety-two Feet long, by forty-six in
 Breadth: Some of the Learned have (I know
 not why) adopted the Opinion, that these are
 the Ruins of the Schools of *Architas*, who ac-
 cording to *Horace*— “measured the Earth
 and Seas, and numbered the numberless
 Sands,” he was a Scholar of *Pythagoras*,
 and as well as his Master, spent much Time
 with the *Metapontines*. Certainly nothing can
 be more striking, than a View of these Ruins,
 a dozen or more Pillars of a Form and Order,
 which

• *Maris et Terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
 Mensorem cohibet Archytam
 Pulveis exigui.*

which speak them older than even the Note of History, who have out-lived all their Fellows, seen their last Dust, as it were scattered to the Winds, and finally known the strange Vicissitude of human Things, in the striking Change of Situation, from the Bustle of a Town, to an isolated Corn Field ! From *Torre di Mare*, we proceeded to *Pellicaro*, here stood *Heraclaea*, and here now stand an old deserted Convent, and five or six miserable Huts.



COSENZA, June 14th.

Leaving *Pellicaro*, we journeyed thro' an open Corn Country, undiversified by other Objects, than what the joyous Scene of Harvest produced ; few Trees and fewer Houses to be seen : Arriving in the Evening at a Watch Tower called *Rossita*, situated on a most romantic trowning Clift ; we there met the jovial Troop of Reapers, with whom a Scarcity of Room obliged me to set up all Night ; to, in some Measure, take the Bee's Honey with his Sting ; I determined to divert myself with this seeming Inconvenience,—I treated them to the

Number of thirty, with Wine and Tobacco; in high good Humour with their Cheer, they regaled me with a Dance; two at a Time started up to the Tune of two Voices and two Guittars, at Intervals relieved by others; the exact Time they danced in, and grotesque Attitudes they assumed, were most diverting and striking: One might find amongst them, every Figure of the antient Basso Relievos of Satyrs and Fauns: Their Dance was a Kind of Jig; their Hands, Head, and in short every other Part to the full, as much employed as their Feet. The next Morning, travelling along the Coast, sometimes climbing over huge unwieldy Rocks, but for the most Part searching our Road, through a most charmingly scented Grove of Ever Greens; we in fine reached the extreme Depth of the Gulph of *Taranto*; thence, striking into the Country, moderately rich in various Kinds of Grain, we in the Evening arrived at and passed the River *Sybaris*, now called the *Cochile*, and soon afterwards we passed the *Cratis*, which still retains its antient Name; between these two Rivers, stands a miserable fix-housed Village, bearing the pompous Name of *Sibari Rovinata*, supposed to be precisely on the Spot where antiently stood the renowned

renowned City of *Sybaris*, of which there are no Remains. Losing our Way, we were benighted, and wandered up a Branch of the Appennines, to a Town situated on the Summit thereof, called *Sprizzano*; the next Morning, in regaining the Bottom, we passed several most beautifully romantic Villages, which fixed on rude Rocks, half Way the Declivity of the Mountain, were there dashed by Torrents, rushing from the Summit, skirted by Woodlings of Myrtle, and the Mountain Firr, adorned in short with all the ruder Beauties of wild majestic Nature: Descended from the Hill, we turned winding up a Vale, bounded on either Side by the towering Appennines; two vast Branches thereof from a Distance of forty Miles, run to meet each other: In the Angle of their Connection stands *Cosenza*, the Capital of *Calabria*; where we arrived in the Evening of the thirteenth. The Road from the Cape of *Leuca* round the Gulph of *Taranto* to *Cosenza*, is not obstructed by a single Hill, save a small Ascent of the Appennines, the first Day from *Gallipoli*: On the *Adriatic* Coast, from the *L'Ofanto* to the Extreme Cape, there is not a Stream worthy the Name of River, nor indeed till you reach *Taranto*, and pass into the Province of the *Basilicata*,

cata, which is watered by a Number of Rivers, in Summer mere Gravel Pits, in the Winter unpassable Torrents, often flooding the whole Country. The *Basilicata* produces little else than Corn, the Harvest of which commences and ends with the Month of *June*: The Accomodations in this Province, are rather of the worst; the Houses are filled with every Kind of Vermin, and obnoxious to very bad Air; Bed where there is no sleeping, and Board where there is no eating: a wooden Chair, or Bench to sleep on; and Eggs for Breakfast, Eggs for Dinner, and Eggs for Supper, are the best Fare one can in general meet with: The People we found rough and free in their Address, obliging, when treated with Familiarity, and extremely cunning and a-droit in all their Dealings. I speak not of *Taranto*, for in that and every other great Town, we previously passed through, we found the Inhabitants to the full, as well instructed and polite as in *Naples* itself: The Polish resulting from various commercial Connections, is generally looked on as but a base Coin, when examined by the Standard of Court Civility; myself, I am strange enough to Imagine that the one and the other Extreme, the *French* Court and *Calabrian* Wood,

Wood, may be Regions equally barbarous; that happy Medium alone, which teaches the genuine social Duties of Hospitality, unadulterated by new fangled Ceremonies, and influences to mutual Assistance and Services, untainted by false and barbarous Distinctions, and Interests; that happy Medium alone, is the true, best State of Humanity civilized.—As you recede from the *Appulian* Coast, you find the People less polished, in Proportion to your Distance from it; In *Calabria* they fall into the most untutored and nearly savage Brutality; for this Circumstance, I think, very substantial Reasons may be advanced; never was a bold, uncouth, mountainous Country known, that the Inhabitants partook not, in some Measure, of the rugged Nature of the Soil: The broken Surface neither affords Passage to the Caravan, or even to the Plough; Foreign Commerce is almost utterly unknown, and Agriculture serves but to Day's Kitchen, without extending to Superfluities for Exchange, or the Exigencies of a future Hour; at the same Time the intemperate Variety of Seasons, attending such Inequalities of the Face of the Earth, hardens and strengthens the Temperament, composing a wild, strong, ferocious Animal.

mal. Cast your Eye again over the tame luxuriant Tract of Plain;—the Richness and Variety of its Productions, the Facility of mutual Exchange, the Participation, in a Word, of every Invention conducing to an easy, indulgent Life, softens the Frame and Mind too, as long as it is in our System of Physick's, that the Soul still tunes to the Pitch of the bodily Ease and Constitution.



TROPEA, June 19th,

THE seventeenth, we left *Cosenza*, a Town, but moderate with Respect to its Buildings; striking, but unwholsome from Situation; pleasing, from the Hospitality of the better Sort of Inhabitants; terrible, from the Impositions and daring Villiany of the lower People; who in this Capital, and indeed throughout all *Calabria*, are, and look like the most cut-throat Devils I ever beheld. Scarcely were we out of *Cosenza*, when by a most rugged Path, we began to ascend the Appennines; sometimes we were climbing over huge Stones and Fragments, torn by Torrents from the Mother Mountain,

Mountain, and lodged in the narrow Ridge which formed our Road: On one and the other Side, a Precipice and Mountain, deep as the Caverns of Hell, high as the Heavens themselves; sometimes among lofty Pines, the Road seemed to have lost its Way, searching it here and there, like a strolling Rivulet; latterly we pursued our Journey in the Bed of a River, sunk and worn by the Force of the Waters, into the very Heart of the Mountain. From the highest Summit of the Appennines, we had a noble View of the *Liparies*, which we lost again as we descended to and entered *Amantea*.

Amantea is a small Town situated on a vast Rock, forming a tremendous Precipice to the Beach, and split to the North by the Channel of a River; it is a very striking and picturesque, but not an enjoyable Situation, as one can scarcely set one's Foot over the Threshold without Danger of breaking one's Neck. Here we lost a most agreeable Companion and excellent Cook; Mr. T—— finding himself so much incommoded by the Heats, that proceeding on might be dangerous, he and his Servant *Francois*, took from hence a Boat for
Naples;

Naples; we the same Morning set Sail in a fishing Bark for *Messina*. Having passed, at too great a Distance from Land for Observation, the great Gulph of *Euphemia*, we in the Evening landed and lay at *Tropea*, a small Town, situated on a bold Clift.

This Coast of *Italy* is not tame and level, as on the *Adriatic* Side; the Mountains spread quite to Sea, and there cut or wore away by the Waves, often form vast Rocks and Precipices.

S I-



which forms the Strait, was comprized on-

Rock being the most remarkable, because the
 S I C I L Y.

MESSINA, June 14th.

UP before the Sun, we weighed Anchor,
 and bade adieu to *Tropea* and to *Italy*:
 About Noon we arrived and touched at *Scilio*,
 a small Town; the Castle or Fortrefs of which
 stands aloof from the Shore, built on the fa-
 mous Rock, known and dreaded by the An-
 tients, under the Name of *Scylla*; which with
 the *Charybdis*, were vested with all the most
 extravagant Horrors, that united Poetry and
 Superstition could give Birth to. This Rock
 is striking and picturesque, but being of small
 Extent, and at the same Time very visible,
 it is by no Means dangerous, as sung by *Ho-*
mer, *Virgil*, and almost every other Poet:
 Whence comes it, that those Heroes of Anti-
 quity painted *Scylla* so monstrous, and with an
 Aspect so much more menacing than it bears
 to Day? The Truth I believe, is, that the
 Whole of that Part of the Coast of *Italy*,
 which

which forms the Streight, was comprized under the Idea and Apprehensions which the Antients entertained of *Scylla*; and this particular Rock being the most remarkable, became the titular Point; as in Time of yore, a Country was comprized in the Mention of its Capital, or a Nation of its King: I am led to this Supposition, both by the Nature of the Coast, which all along the Streight is dangerous, bold and rocky, and more strongly still by the Prevarication of the antient Authors themselves, with Respect to the Situation of *Scylla*:

• “ There is (says *Isidorus*) a very narrow
“ Streight of three Miles over, dividing *Italy*
“ from *Sicily*, well known from the fabulous
“ Tales of its Monsters *Scylla* and *Charybdis*,
“ situated on the one and the other Coast.”

Here is plainly delineated the narrowest Part of the Streight, namely, between the *Faro* and modern *Scilio*; but, says *Strabo*, † “ *Cha-*

rybdis

* Est autem fretum artissimum trium millium spatio *Siciliam* ab *Italia*, dividens fabulosis infame monstris, quorum hinc inde *Scylla* et *Charybdis* offenditur.

L. 17, C. 18.

† Ημῶς ἀπὸ τῆς Ἰαριβδὸς παρὰ Μισσηνὴν ἐστὶ ἡ δὲ Σκυλλὰ παρὰ τὸ Πηγιον Strabo.

"*rybdis* is by *Messina*, *Scylla* by *Rhegium*." Here both *Scylla* and *Charybdis* change Place; for *Scilio* is twelve Miles from *Rhegio*, and the *Faro* as many from *Messina*. Innumerable Instances of Prevarication on this Subject, might be extracted from the old Poets, if such Authority is of Validity to strengthen a Thesis. With Respect to the *Charybdis*, the Point is more easily discussed; as in Fact, it is nothing more than a strong Current, forming divers Whirl-pools; in its Course, six Hours to the South, six to the North; and almost as regular in its Flux and Reflux, as the Tides of the *Atlantic*, but more or less powerful and dangerous, according to the Winds and Season: These Whirl-pools are many in Number, naturally encreasing and changing Place, with the Force and Direction of the Current; the most considerable Vortex is permanently fixed at about an hundred Yards from the Light-House of *Messina*; The south Wind doth and ever was known much to irritate the Current, says *Juvenal*,

* Soon as the tepid South doth fit and dry

His

* ————— namdum se continet Ausler,
Dum fedet et ficit madidas in carcere pennas
Contemnunt medium temeraria lina *Charybdim*.
Juv. S. 9th.

His dripping Wings, within his dreary Prison;
The Sailor boldly dares *Charybdis*' Rage.

Messina, antiently called *Messana*, and still more antiently *Zancle*, from its Resemblance to a Sickle, (the Signification of that Word in the old *Sicilian* Language) was founded according to some by *Ionians*, from *Samos*, others *Achaians*, and a Colony of the *Messenians* from *Greece*; but the most respectable Authority of *Thucydides* attributes its first Settlement to a Band of *Pirates* from various Nations, who found this a safe and convenient Harbour, from which they might at Leisure infest both the *African* and *Italian* Seas. Thirty Years ago this was a most populous and trading City, the Residence of the Viceroy, and rival Capital of *Sicily*; when on a sudden, the most dreadful Pestilence in the Memory of Man; of an hundred and forty thousand Inhabitants, swept off near three-fourths; at present the Court is fixed at *Palermo*. The Trade of *Messina* is dwindled to almost nothing, and the City quite depopulated; the long Row of elegant and regular Houses on the Key, forming the most beautiful Front, that any Town in *Europe* can boast of, is absolutely

solutely falling to ruin, for Want of Inhabitants. The Harbour is formed by a very narrow Neck of Land, curved abruptly over the Town. This Port hath to the North a spacious Entrance, guarded by a Fortrefs deemed almost impregnable, which is placed on and runs the whole Length of the *Isthmus*, entirely covering the Town of *Messina*. In the Harbour (which from the Curve of the *Isthmus* to the Key is nearly oval) they complain of the Inconvenience (very uncommon to so small a Port) of having too much Water; in some Parts there are from forty-five to fifty Fathom. In this Place, considerable as it is, there is but little to be seen: Works of Antiquity none, and of modern Times few worthy Notice. They boast much their Statues on the Key of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; but I cannot say I thought them of fine Workmanship. In some of the Churches, but chiefly at the the *Convento del Carmine*, are to be seen some fine Works of *Polydore Caravaggio*; and the Prince de la *Sealietta*, amongst a Number of middling Copies has some few very good Originals.

TAORMINA, July 2d.

SICILY hath in all Ages been thought to have been once joined to the Continent: Says *Virgil*,

* Long were these Countries one, when sudden rush'd

The Sea betwixt, tore from the western Side The Realm of *Sicily*, and with a straitn'd Course,

Sever'd the bordering Fields, and Groves, and Towns.

and almost every other Author, modern or antient, hath agreed with him: That this Island was at some Period joining to the Continent, is very probable from its Vicinity, but no other Argument can I allow of; the Water in the Streight is of a vast Depth, and the Coast on either Side not so broken nor abrupt, as many of the inland Parts of the Apennines: The Argument drawn from the Similitude of Stratus, is very inconclusive; may it not naturally be supposed, that a Country under the

* ————— Quum protinus utraque tellus,
Una foret venit medio vi pontus, et undis
Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit, avaque et urbes
Littore diductas angusto interluit aestu.

the same Latitude and Sun, and exposed to the same Accidents of Climate, may enjoy the same, or nearly the same Soil; without recurring to more extraordinary Reasons.

From *Messina* to *Taormina*, we kept the Beach nearly the whole Way; on the inland Side were Hills planted with Olives, Figs, and some few Mulberries and Vines. Sixteen Miles from *Messina*, are the sulphurous Baths of *Itala*, a small Town, situated on the Pinnacle of a rocky Mountain, as is every Town between *Messina* and *Taormina*.

I cannot conceive why those Towns were built in such strikingly inconvenient Situations, unless indeed, that the Fear of an Enemy directed them to the Spot.

The Baths are below, not twenty Yards distant from the Sea, by which they are very liable to be washed over in a heavy Storm; in some Measure to obviate any ill Effect of this their too neighbouring Foe's Rage, the Proprietors cover them up every Winter, and open them again as soon as a settled Summer seems to ensure them Calms. From this Place

the Road becomes extremely rugged; the Ascent to *Taormina* is but one Degree from impracticable.

This Town, founded by the *Eubæans* (the first *Grecians* who migrated into *Sicily*) was by them called *Naxos*; being afterwards rebuilt and fortified, it bore the Name of *Tauromenon*, or Strength of *Taurus*, the Name of the Mountain on which it stands.

It was formerly a very noted Town, but at present, deserves no better Title, than that of a large Village; one third of which is formed by Convents. There being no Inn in the Town, we took up our Residence at that of the Capuchines. The Situation of this Place is very bold and striking; it stands on a Ridge of Plain to the Entrance and Exit, looking down a vast Precipice; to the Inland, looking up to a Scene of Mountains, twice the Altitude of that on which it stands; towards the Sea, the Declivity is not equally abrupt, the Mountain decreasing but gently, till it reaches the Water, where it forms a bold romantic Clift. This Hill is rich in various Fragments and Remains of Antiquity; of which the most remarkable

remarkable, are of a very capacious Reservoir, but little ruined; a Circus, of which nought remains but one Wall, ornamented with Niches; three or four antient Sepulchres, in a State but little removed from that of the Dust they once contained; and near the Sea, an old *Christian* Burying-Ground, the Sepulchres partly cut in the Rock, partly built up; each Repository is of a Length, Breadth, and Height for one entire Corpse; there are three Stories of these small Chambers, and where the front Wall is broken down, they have the most singular Appearance of several Stories of miniature Colonades; which Circumstance has, among the common People, gained them the Title of *Le Case degli Saraceni*, whom the vulgar Tradition of the Place hath delivered to have been Pigmies of about a foot and a half high. Leaving these absurd Tales, let us turn to a more remarkable Object than our Eye has yet "cop'd withal."

On the Summit of a huge Rock, which interrupts the Declivity towards the Sea, stands an ivy-clad Theatre, of the earliest Times; the Seats are much ruined, as well as the outer Wall; and the Arena is almost entirely chok'd

up, but the Plan of the Theatre is perfect, and the Stage and its apurtenant Apartments sufficiently remain to be traced in every Part; from the Centre of the Theatre, looking thro' the middle Portico, the Eye falls so directly on the Summit of Mount *Ætna*, that one can scarcely suppose, that it was not built so with Design: What a stupendous Scale of Idea are we to Measure the Faculties of Man by, if we recur to the Antients! What a Thought was this of the Architect, to catch a Scene so great, so corresponding to the Sublime of *Grecian* Tragedy. The aged Wanderer tells the melancholy Story of his Ship-wreck, the Dangers—when on a Sudden, the Curtain draws up, and a real *Ætna*, Thundering forth Ruin, adds to the Eloquence of a *Ulysses*, and to the Poetry of a *Euripides*! No one who hath not visited these Parts, can have an Idea of how great, how sublime an Object, the great *Ætna* is, viewed from these Mountains; many of them there are, high, bold, and rugged; here, there, up, down, Nature seems stark mad; but so superiorly striking is the vast *Gibello*, that the wild Country round, seems comparatively tame,



CATANIA, *July*, the 6th.

LEAVING *Taormina* in the Evening, at about two Miles and a half distant, we passed the antient *Ænobala*; when we began to tread on the Roots of *Ætna*, an isolated Mound, beautiful in Form, vast in Extent, astonishing in Height; which alone, of worldly Objects, can boast to have baffled even poetical Exaggeration; we travelled at his Foot the whole Evening, when we arrived late, at a little Village called *Giari*; the next Morning we pursued our Journey; the Road every where rendered extremely bad, by the vast Innundations and Rocks, which have at various Periods, been thrown from Mount *Ætna*. Along this Coast must have been the Habitation of the *Cyclops*, and Scene of the poetic Adventures of the respective Heroes of the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid*.

* Ignorant of the Way, we glide upon
The *Cyclop's* Land: The Port was large
and fair,

And

* Synarique viæ *Cyclopum* allabimur oris,
Portus ab accessu ventorum immotras et ingens
Ipse sed horificis juxta tonat *Ætna* ruinis,

And inaccessible to ruder Blasts; but near
Huge *Ætna* thunder'd forth most horrid
Ruin. *Virgil.*

He afterwards calls the *Cyclops* expressly the
* “ *Ætnean* Brothers, and *Euripides*; ” very
antient Authority says,

The Eastern Gale then breathing on our
Backs,

From *Malea*, bore us to th' *Ætnean* Rock,
There were the one ey'd Sons o' th' *Pon-*
tian God.

‡ The murd'rous *Cyclops*, dwell in dreary
Caves.

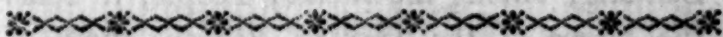
Now being drove from *Malea* in *Greece*, and
by the east Wind; this Spot was nearly *e regi-*
one, or opposite, and ten Miles before you
reach *Catania*; at a small Distance from the
Shore are three conical Rocks, which in the
Time of *Pliny*, traditionally bore the Name
of *Cyclopus Scopuli*: I mention these Particu-
lars, as some have rather supposed, that the
Spot where dwelt the *Cyclops*, and where
Ulysses

* *Ætneoi* Fratres.

‡ Ἡ δὲ δὲ Μελίας πλησίον πεπλευκόας
Ἀπηλίουσιν αἶμος ἔμπνευσας ὄρι,
Ἐξέβαλεν ἡμᾶς τὴν δ' εἰς Ἀττικαίαν πύραν,
Ἐν οἱ μόνωπις ποσσὶν παῖδες Θέω
Κυκλωπὶς οἶκος ἀνδρ' ἱερῶν ἀνδροκλόνων.

Ulysses was thrown on Shore, was on the other Side the *Pachynian* Promontory, where stood the antient City of *Camerina*; now that *Ulysses* was thrown on the same Coast with *Æneas*, is evident from the Story of the *Grecian* Youth, left by *Ulysses*, and afterwards met with by *Æneas*. Vide *Virgil*, Lib. III. V. 590, and Sequel.

I am aware, that *Homer* seems to favor the contrary Hypothesis, but enough of the Critic!



CATANIA, July 13th.

IMMEDIATELY on our arrival, we prepared for our Journey to Mount *Ætna*; the morrow we mounted our Mules, when creeping in a rugged Path, worn in the vast Channel of *Lava*, which overwhelmed *Catania*, in the Year 1693, for some fifteen Miles; we at length reached and reposed at a small summer Convent of the *Benedictines*: In the Evening we remounted, and pursuing our Tract for twelve Miles, through a most majestic wild Grove of old Oaks, we at Sun-set descried a black Grotto of *Lava*, where we determined to recruit our Forces against the approaching Fatigue. Here we stopt, made a noble Fire, uncorked the *Aqua Vitæ*, put on our great Coats,

Coats, and in short prepared for the approaching Transition, from extreme Heat, to as extreme Cold; at Midnight to Horfe, and for the Summit.

For four Miles we were regaled with the Scent of a thousand sweet Herbs, gradually the Quantity decreased for the next two; further nought existed either of Animal or Vegetable: Here are the Remains of some antique Building; among the country People, it bears the Name of the *Torredel Filosofo*; some of the Learned have supposed it to be a Fragment of the Temple of *Vulcan*, others of the Tomb of *Empedocles*: It can scarcely be the first, for we are informed by * *Ælian*, that the Fane of *Vulcan* had its sacred Grove, now no Tree nor even Herb does or could grow on this Spot: I cannot think that *Horace* was in earnest, when he wrote and gave rise to others to write, that *Empedocles*, the great Philosopher of *Agrigentum*, from the vain Desire of being honoured as the ravished Favourite of the Gods,

Coolly

* Εἰς Αἰτνᾶρα δὲ τῇ Σικελίᾳ Ἡφαίστος τιμαῖται ὑπὸ τοῦ καὶ ἐν περιβολῇ καὶ δρυμνίᾳ ἡρα — *ÆLIAN* Lib. 2d. Chap. 3d.

• Coolly leapt into the *burning* Gulph.

The very Words I think testify, that he aimed more at a Pun than Truth; we ought to believe other of a Sage, whom *Lucretius* hath declared “ † so great and wise, as hardly to “ come under the Predicament of Man.” From this Fragment to the Summit, it is four Miles, three of them our Mules bore us, the last we scrambled over Snow and sulphurous Sand on Foot, and precisely at Sun-rise arrived at the Crater of the Volcano. Words can give but a faint Idea of the wonderful Scene! *Sicily*, and the Islands of *Lipary* and *Malta*, in their full Extent, with a great Part of *Italy*, rising a most richly illuminated Map, seemed half Way to meet the Sight. Every the most minute Object, was clearly Visible; the Eye was lost in the Multiplicity alone. Turning from this astonishing Prospect, we prostrated, looked down the prodigious Mouth from whence constantly issues a Volume of Smoke and Sulphur; and at Times, Flames, Stones, and Innundations of *Lava*; no Wonder in the fabulous

* Ardentum Frigidus *Ætnam*
Insibuit.

Hor. Ars Poetica.

† Sapiens ut Vix mortalis haberi.

fabulous Ages, that poetic Fancy should err, on a Subject, which even to this Day, rational Enquiry hath but weakly investigated; no Wonder, that philosophical Curiosity should have drawn such a Man as *Empedocles* too near: He feared neither the Breath of *Enceladus*, nor the Hammers of *Vulcan*, or his Cyclops, and *Pliny* too, was the Victim of *Vesuvius*. There are various small Volcanos scattered on Mount *Ætna*, as Mountains on the World, but they burn no more; in the Cavity of many, Vegetables, and even Trees, have usurped a Place; four Craters there are alone, which now give Vent to the Rage of the internal Fires; three of these Apertures are small, bearing no Proportion to the fourth and largest, which is three Miles in Circuit; the Brink every where abrupt, and coated with Sulphurs and bituminous Matter. Looking down, the Eye could pierce but a few Yards, for the thick Volume of Smoke; Eruption there was none, not even of Flame; indeed had there, it would have retarded our Expedition: We heard in the Depths of this Abyss at Times, a confused Thunder, at Times, a Murmur as of boiling or bubbling.

What

What a magnificent Sight must it be, when
from this vast Gulph :

* ————— *Ætna* thunders Ruin,
Now veils the Heavens with a pitchy Cloud,
Spotted with ruddy Fleakes—now whirls aloft
Volumes of rushing Flame, playing amidst
The very Stars, or belches forth huge Rocks,
E'en its torn Entrails, till one Hemisphere
Glows with the melted Vomit, and the vast
Abyfs doth groan, e'en to its utmost Depths.

Pindar in his first Pythic, dignifies *Ætna*
with the Title of “ † Pillar of Heaven, to
which the Scoliaſt adds, “ the Poet here
means Mount *Ætna*,” for thus he entitles it;
from its Altitude, ſuppoſing it to prop up the
Heavens : It was thought formerly to have
ſeven Miles of perpendicular Altitude, it hath
been

* ————— *Horrificis tonat Ætna ruinis,*
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem
Turbine fumantem pice et candente favilla,
Attollitque globas flammæ et fidera lambit,
Interdum Scopulos avulſaque viſera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque ſaxa per Auras
Cumgemitu glomerat, fundoque exeuſuat imo.
Virg. Æn. 3d.

* *Χίων Οὐρανα -- Η Αἴλη το ὄρος ην οὐλως ἀνομαζι δια το*
εἶδος υποβητι ζῆσαν τον ουρανον; OXFORD Edit.

been found by a late and very accurate Measurement to have only three; from the Vertex to the extreme Root is nevertheless in many Parts thirty Miles, and I believe no where less than twenty.

Having staid sufficient Time on the Summit of the Mountain, we descended from that upper barren Region, (where the combined Flames and Snow have supplied the Poet's Market in every Century, with Choice of pretty and quaint Conceits) and thence we employed the Day in winding about the lower Regions of the Mountain, to consider its Wonders; its apparently sterile Soil, and nevertheless, most exuberant Fertility. About six Miles from the Summit, commence its Riches; where are Groves of Oak, Pine, and other Timber, of a Beauty and Magnitude beyond Credit; I had the Curiosity to visit some Chestnut Trees, known in the Neighbourhood, by the Name of the *Castanee dei cento cavalli*; I measured two different Trees, at five Feet from the Ground; the solid Trunk of the one was in Circuit fifty-nine English Feet; of the second fifty-six; I mention solid in particular, as some much split and hollowed by Age or Accident,

at the same Time refreshing its ascititious Parts, so that at once you see all these vast Trees hollow, and all flourishing; enjoying a truly green old Age.

Along the lower Regions, whenever the later Innundations have not flowed, is rich beyond Exaggeration, in Vineyards Olives, and every Kind of delicious Offspring of the Garden, scattered with numberless Villages, sprinkled with Fountains of the clearest Water, boasting in short a Richness and Variety of luxuriant Nature, which would shame even the most labour'd Fictions of pastoral Song.

The fourth Day of this our Excursion, on our Return to *Catania*, we stop't to repose at *Jaci*, near which murmurs the unhappy *Acis*, celebrated by *Ovid*, for his Transformation into the Stream, which still corruptly bears his Name, celebrated by *Theocritus*, for his Love, and *Polyphemus*'s murderous Jealousy of *Galatea*; at whose prayers, *Acis*

* ———melting to Streams

Escap'd

* Intenues Liquefactus aquas evasit et hostem,
Et tibi victrices *Galatea* immiscuit undas.

Sil. Ital. L. 14th.

Escap'd the Foe, and rushing sped to join
Thee *Galatea*,—his crystal Flood to thine.

CATANIA, July 12th.

CATANIA, according to *Strabo* and other Writers, was founded by one *Hiero*, who getting together some *Naxians*, and a Multitude from other Parts, built the City, which he called *Ætna*. The *Catanenses*, or Part of the Colony which *ab origine* possessed *the Foot of the Mountain, expelling the Rest, seized the City, and called it after themselves *Catana*.

That this Town was antiently of the greatest Note and Importance in *Sicily*, is evident both from the old Historians and Poets: § “ Who “ can be silent on the Subject of *Catana*, or “ the Quadruple *Syracuse* ! ” says *Ausonius* : But still more is its antient Grandeur manifest from the various Ruins scattered about the Town; many of which have been brought to light, by the Care and laudable Researches
E of

KaTaw

§ Qui *Cutanam* fileat, quis Quadruplices *Syracusas*,

of the Prince of *Biscari*. Nearly in the Centre of the Town are the Remains of a Theatre; the outward Wall is still tolerably visible, tho' mixed with modern Buildings, with which the Inside and Stage Part is entirely filled; the Dimensions appeared to be nearly the same with those of the Theatre of *Marcellus* at Rome: At a few Paces distant are the Ruins of a smaller Theatre; or (as supposed by *Literati*) an Audeum or Place, set apart for Rehearsals. There are likewise within the Town, Remains of some antient Baths; and near the Wall of the Town; are some very rude Vestiges of an Amphitheatre; which appears to have been the Work of the remotest Antiquity; the Remains of it are wholly subterraneous, and seem more than once to have been covered by the Inundations from Mount *Ætna*.

Catania being entirely destroyed in the Year 1693, by a united Earthquake and Eruption of Lava, gave Opportunity to Design and rebuild it on a more regular Plan. The Streets all run at right Angles, two or three are very handsome, and the Points of View well chosen; a great many of the Convents and Churches are as yet unfinished, but from
the

the Richness of both Materials and Workmanship, they promise great Magnificence, tho' I must own, but little Taste : Of modern Things that are to be seen in this Town, the most worthy of Notice, is the very extensive and magnificent Convent of the *Benedictines*, who possess a Museum invarious Branches of Antiquity and natural History ; and in their Church a most noble Organ of a new Construction : The Prince of *Biscari* hath likewise a very general Museum, of which the Collection of Vases, commonly called *Etrusc*, is the finest I ever remember to have seen ; the Compositions are more chaste, the Subject less capricious and hieroglyphical, and the Drawing much less erroneous, than is commonly found on this Ware ; I suspect, that these were rather the Works of *Grecian* Artists, imitating and refining on the old *Etrusc*, than coming from the wild Hand of untutored Genius, which first worked and gave Name to the Vases of this Species ; as the Europeans in modern Days, have improved on the distorted Figures and mis-shapen Compositions in the Ware, which nevertheless universally acknowledges its Origin under the Appellation of *China*. In this Town is the chief University of *Sicily*.

SYRACUSA, July 18th.

LEAVING *Catania* the thirteenth, we entered on an extensive Plain, partly planted with Corn; in the Winter perhaps it may produce some Pasturage, but in this Season all Herbage is parched up. Having passed the River *Faretta*, antiently called the *Simæthus*, according to *Ovid*, the Grandfather of our Friend *Acis*; who (as he tells us) * was born of *Faunus* and the Nymph *Simæthis*; we came to that Part of the Plain, which antiently bore the Name of *Campi Leontini*. This was one of those fertile Spots which caught " the " Poet's Eye in a fine frenzy Rolling;" in short, stamped *Sicily* the poetic Theatre of Gods and Shepherds, says an old Author; † " from thence *Hercules* coming to the *Leontian* Plains, stood amazed at the Fertility " and Beauties of the Place;" (and a little below) " in the *Leontian* Plain, and many other Parts of *Sicily*, the Corn grows spontaneously" near the River *Terias*; at present

* *Acis erat Fauno Nymphæque Simæthide cretus.*

Met. L. 3d.

† Μίλα δὲ ταύτων διελθὼν Ὁ Ἡρακλῆς τὸ Λιοντίνου πεδίου τὸ μὲν κάλλος τῆς χώρας θαυμάζει " — " Ἐνδεῖ γὰρ Λιοντίνου πεδίου καὶ κατὰ πολλὰς ἄλλας τοπὰς τῆς Σικελίας μέχρι τε νῦν φευσθαι φασιν τῆς ἀθρίας οὐμαζομένης πυρὸς.

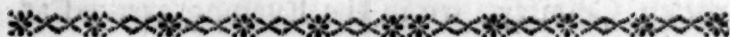
DIG. Sic. Lib. 5.

sent it is called *Fuime St. Leonardo*. No doubt the Soil is rich, but I think by no Means now meriting any particular Elogy.

Near the Foot of a very rocky Hill stands *Lentini*; the antient Town stood rather higher up, if one may judge from the very accurate Description of *Polybius*, in his eleventh Book. Fearing the Effects of the bad Air of *Lentini*, we speedily left it; and passing over a broken rocky Country, we in the Evening arrived at *Augusta*, a small fortified Town, situated on a Peninsula. In a Corner of the antient Gulph of *Xiphonia*, there is nothing observable here, except the Salt-works and extraordinary Numbers of Musquetas, which absolutely flea any one who is not provided with a Gauze. Round the Town, for two or three Miles, the Country is cultivated in Olive and Fruit Gardens, but the Soil seemed every where rocky and bad.

Sixteen Miles from *Augusta* we found the Remains of some Trophy, consisting of the Base and lower Part of the Shaft of a very large Column; the Diameter of which, as

near as the Eye could judge, was about ten Feet. Sixteen Miles from this Fragment, is *Syracuse*: The intermediate Country broken, open, and rocky; scattered here and there with Olives and Vines. The Fences on this Coast of *Sicily* are formed chiefly by the *Indian Fig*, which armed with Thorns, as long and sharp as the Prongs of a Fork, would deny Entrance even to a Lion.



SYRACUSA, *July 19th.*

MODERN *Syracusa* is a small fortified Town, to the Land exceedingly strong; it is placed on and confined to the Island antiently called *Ortygia*. Of modern there is nothing in it remarkable, save a Picture or two in the Church, lately belonging to the Jesuits; and two Miles out of the Town, in the Church of the *Sancta Lucia*, a good Statue of that Saint; they boast much too the Picture there behind the great Altar, but it is so much blackened and spoilt, that I think the very nicest Eye, could not presume to decide its Merit. With respect to the antient most renowned Town of *Syracusa*, listen to *Cicero* in his *Accusation of Verres*,
 “ *Syracusa*

" * *Syracusa* (says he) you have been often
 " told, is the most extensive and most beauti-
 " ful of *Græcian* Cities; Report, O Judges! is
 " but just; for in Situation and Strength, whe-
 " ther approaching it by Sea, or by Land,
 " it hath a most noble and promising Appear-
 " ance: Two Havens there are, almost entirely
 " encircled by the Buildings of the City, the
 " Entrance to which being various, they af-
 " terwards

* *Urbem Syracusas maximam, esse Græcarum Urbium pulcherimamque omnium sæpe audistis; est Judices ita ut dicitur, namque et situ cum munito tum ex omni aditu vel terra vel mari, preclara ad aspectum; et portus habet prope in ædificatione aspectuque Urbis inclusos, qui cum diversos inter se aditus habeant in exitu conjunguntur et confluunt; eorum conjunctione pars oppidi quæ appellatur insula mari disjuncta angusto, ponte rursùm adjungitur et continetur; ea tanta est urbs ut ex quatuor urbibus maximis constare dicatur quibus una estea quam dixi Insulam quæ duobus portibus cincta in utriusque portus ostium aditumque projecta est; in qua domus est quæ *Hieronis* regia fuit, et qua Prætores uti solent.*

In ea sunt ædes sacræ complures, sed duæ quæ longe cæteris antecellunt, *Dianæ* una et altera (quæ antè ipsius adventum fuit ornatissima) *Minervæ*. In hac insula extrema est fons aquæ dulcis cui nomen *Arcthusa* est

“ terwards unite, and by their Conjunction,
 “ that Part of the City which is called the
 “ *Island*, is seperated from the main Land,
 “ but again is joined to it by a Bridge, and
 “ acquires the Advantage of *Terra Firma* :
 “ Such is this vast Capital, that it may pro-
 “ perly be said to consist of four large Cities :
 “ One of them is that which I entitled the
 “ *Island*, which nearly furrounded by one and
 “ the other Haven, projecting, forms either
 “ Port ; in this Town is the House which was
 “ the

est, incredibili magnitudine, plenissimus piscium, qui
 fluctu totus, operiretur nisi fortificatione et mole lapi-
 dum disjunctus esset. Altera autem urbs *Syracusi* est
 cui nomen *Acradina*, in qua Forum maximum, Porticus;
 pulcherrimus ornatissimum Prytaneum; amplissima est
 Curia, Templumque egregium *Jovis Olympii*. Cæteræque
 urbis partes una lata via perpetua multisque transversis
 divisæ privatis ædificiis continentur; tertia est urbs
 que quod in ea parte *Fortunæ* Fanum antiquum fuit *τοχον*
 nominatur in qua Gymnasium amplissimum est, et
 plures ædes sacræ coliturque ea pars habitaturque fre-
 quentissime: Quarta autem est urbs, quæ quod postrema
 ædificata est *Neapolis* nominatur; quam ad summam
 Theatrum est maximum præterea duo Tempa sunt e-
 gregia, *Cereris* alterum, alterum liberi signum que *Apol-*
linis qui *Temenites* vocatur pulcherrimum et maximum.

De Cicero Contre Verrem,

“ the Palace of *Hiero*, and where the Prætors
 “ now for the most Part reside.

“ Here are several Temples, but Two,
 “ much superior to the Rest, one of *Diana*,
 “ and another (which before this Man's Arri-
 “ val was most richly ornamented) sacred to
 “ *Minerva*: on the extreme Shore of the *Island*,
 “ is a Fountain of sweet Water, called *Are-*
 “ *thusa*, of great Size and Depth, and full of
 “ the finest Fish, which would be poured into
 “ and overwhelmed by the too neighbouring
 “ Sea, were it not for the Opposition of the
 “ Fortification, and a Barricado of Rocks:
 “ Another City there is, forming Part of *Sy-*
 “ *racusa*, which is called *Acradina*, in which
 “ is a very extensive (1) Forum, a most ele-
 “ gant (2) Portico, a (3) Prytaneum, richly
 “ ornamented, a fine (4) Curia, and most no-
 “ ble Temple of *Jupiter Olympius*, the Rest of
 “ this Division is laid out in one large, broad
 “ Street, cut by various others, wholly occupi-
 “ ed

(1) Forum, answered nearly to our Exchange, (2)
 Portico, was where *Lituati* and Others met to discourse,
 (3) *Prytaneum* was the Name of the Hall, where the
 Citizens dined in Public, (4) *Curia* was the Senate
 House or council Chamber.

" ed by the private Inhabitants :. The third
 " City from the antient Fane of Fortune, which
 " stood there, is called *Tyche*. In this Town
 " there is a large (5) *Gymnasium* and several
 " Temples, and of all it is the most populous
 " Inhabited ; in the fourth City, which being
 " the latest Built, is thence called *Neapolis*;
 " near to the hither End, is a noble Theatre ;
 " it possesseth moreover two fine Temples, the
 " one of *Ceres* the other of *Bacchus*, and a
 " most beautiful and colossal Statue of *Apollo*,
 " called *Temenites*."

In the Island of *Ortygia* still remains the Do-
 ric Colonnade, which enclosed the Fane of one
 of the Temples, (the Antiquaries say that of
Minerva) one row of Columns is within the
 Cathedral, the other File hath its Intercolum-
 niation filled up by the outward Wall : The
 Fountain *Arethusa* still supplies the Town with
 Water, but more than half choaked up with
 the Rubbish and Ruins fallen in, it no longer
 boasts its former Extent or Depth, nor doth it
 possess a single Fish : This Fountain once in-
 voked

(5) *Gymnasium*, the School or Place set a part for
 the Public exercise of the Youth.

voked by a *Theocritus* and a *Virgil*, and celebrated by almost every Poet, in every Clime and Age, now serves to Wash old Clouts and water Mules: The Loves of *Alpheus* are well known, who (as *Theocritus* Sings)

* Even from *Pisa* through the Seas dark Channel,
Rolls his dark Stream to *Arethusa's* call,
Bearing the Spoilings of his native Bed,
And Flowers, and Leaves and sacred Dust,
he sinks
Beneath the Waters, and i'th' Ocean's Depths,
Flows unpolluted by the briny Wave.

Ovid too in his fifth Book of *Metamorphosis*, attributes *Alpheus's* secret Course to his Love for *Arethusa*, nymph of *Diana*. From *Pindar* one would almost think *Diana* herself was the Object: At the beginning of his first *Nemean*, he Sings—

Q

* Μίλα Πισαν ἔσθην καλά πόσιν ὁδεύει
Ἐρεται εἰς Ἀρεθοῖσαν ἀγῶν κοτινφόρον ὕδαρ
Ἐδνα φέρων, κακά φύλλα, καὶ ἀνθεα καὶ κων ἔρην
Καὶ Βάβυρ μὲβαιμι τοῖς κυμασι τῇ δὲ θαλάσσῃ
Νερὸν ὑποτροχᾶι καὶ ὁ μὲν γὰρ ὕδαρ,

* O sacred breathing Place of *Alpheus*,
Ortigia! Glorious Flower of *Syracusa*!
 Bed of *Artemis*!

To which the Scholiast adds—" † They say
 " *Alpheus* taken by the Love of *Artemis* or
 " *Diana*, to have followed her to *Sicily*, and
 " there his Pursuit ending, to have broke
 " the Earth and formed the Fountain *Arethusa*,
 " (which the Poet here Names *Ortygia*) from
 " thence *Diana* was called *Alphean*, and at
 " *Olympia* the Goddess and River-God, had
 " Statues raised to them, in the same Fane :"
 That *Diana* was the most antient tutelary Deity
 of the Island is evident, both from its Name
Orytiga, and various Passages of both the anti-
 ent Poets and Historians : I am here, in Op-
 position to the received Opinion, led to think
 from its rude doric Order, Form, and Simpli-
 city

* Αμπνυμα σιμνει Αλφειν
 Κλειαν Συρακοσσαν θαλος Ορτυγια
 Δεμνιον Αρτιμιδος

† Τον γαρ Αλφειον φασιν ενωλα αλοβλα της Αρτιμιδος επιδιω-
 ξαι αυτην αχρι της Σικελιας τε δε τελος της διωξεως αυτοβι-
 γνομενη συζηται την Αριβοισαν· δια τουτο δε ις την Αρτιμι Αλ-
 φειων προσαγορευοισθαι και η Ολυμπια δε Ο Αλφειος τη Αρ-
 τιμιδι συνεφιδρυται· — η τη Αριβοισαν ειρηκεν αμπνυμα αλλα
 την Ορτυγίαν.

city, that the Temple now existing, was of the most remote Antiquity, and rather that of *Diana*, than of *Minerva*; which according to *Tully*, was very richly ornamented. In the Bathos of modern Architecture, we see Examples of every Absurdity; but the Antients had too correct a Taste, to charge a rough doric Building with a Profusion of Ornaments.

In the Part called *Acradina*, near the Point of its Conjunction with *Neapolis*, are several curious Sepulchres cut in the Rocks, and many very extraordinary Grottos, but more particularly, that bearing the Name of the *Orecchio di Dionysio*, a most curious Rest of Antiquity. The Story of *Dionysius's* Prison hath been placed among the fabulous Tales of an unenlightened Age; whether this was the Prison, I will not pretend to determine, but from its Form and astonishing Echo, there is no Room to doubt, but that this Cave was most artificially constructed, and hallowed for the Purpose of conveying Sound: I shall not describe its Form, as the Sketch will supply a much more perfect Idea.

The Town of *Acradina* spread along the
Coast

Coast to the North of the Island; at right Angles, ran westward from it the Towns of *Tyche* and *Neapolis*; at the Extremity of them, stood the Citadel *Epipolis*, built in twenty Days; at the Commencement of the War with the *Athenians*, as described by *Thucydides*: Near were joined these Towns with that of *Acradina*, are to be seen several antient Aque-ducts; a Theatre, of which the Seats alone remain, and an Amphitheatre, very imperfect; all hewn and formed in the solid Rock; at *Epipolis* are some few Fragments of Wall, and several very long subterraneous Passages.

The larger Port is very extensive and deep, of a *Cycloidic* Form, in the Mouth of the Bay lies the Island *Ortygia*.

- * In the *Sicanian* Gulph there is an Isle,
Of old *Ortygia* call'd—stretch'd right
against
Plemmyrium's marshy Soil.

To the South is the greater Entrance, to the North the Island, as before observed, was connected

- * *Sicanio prætenta Sinue jacet Insula contra
Plemmyrium undasum nomen dixere Priores
Ortygiam.*

Virg. Lib. 53.

ned by a Bridge, with the Town of *Aradina*: The smaller of *Portus Marmoreus* being formed exteriorly by the Island, and jutting forth of the Continent. In the Depth of the great Bay, pours in the *Anapus*, a narrow but deep and beautiful River, much celebrated by the Poets; the People of the Country have called it improperly *Il Alfeo*; at about three Miles from where this River disembogues, it is encreased by a Branch flowing in from a most beautiful Spring, very extensive, very deep and clear, and full of exceeding fine Fish; it at present bears the Name of the *Pisma*; it was antiently sung, and had even a Fane raised to its Honor under the Name of *Cyane*, whose Story is most poetically told in the fifth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, where the Nymph of the Fountain is tenderly remonstrating against the Violence of *Pluto*, who demands a Passage to the Shades, with the ravished *Proserpine*.

* But he no longer curb'd, his Rage, when on
Urging

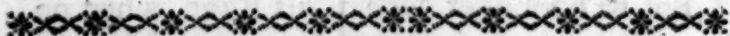
* ——— haud Ultro tenuit *Saturnius* iram
Terribilesque hortatus equos, in gurgitis ima
Contortum valido Sceptrum regale lacerto
Condidit ista viam tellus in *Tartara* fecit,
Et pronos cursus medio cratere recepit.

Met. Lib. 5.

Urging his dreadful Horses to the Brink,
 He whirl'd aloft the royal Sceptre and
 With godlike Force, struck it to th' utmost
 Depth;

The Earth quick open'd to the Blow, away
 Ec'n to black *Tartarus*—then sudden clos'd
 The headlong Chariot in the dark Abyfs.

To the North-West, about four Miles distant, lies the *Mellifer Hybla*, a rocky Hill, covered with Thyme and sweet Herbs; but the Moderns having but little Taste for Honey, it is no longer in its former high Repute. In the Bottom of the Bay, about half a Mile from the *Anapus*, are the Remains of the Temple of *Jupiter Olympius*, which stood in the Village above cited, called *Olympia*: There rest of it but Part of the Pavement and four Doric Columns, two of which are fallen, and the two standing are likewise much shattered and broken.



CAPO PASSARO, July 20th.

This Morning we left *Syracusa* in a *Spiranaro*,
 a very small Boat of a very peculiar and excellent

lent Construction; coasting a rocky Shore, chiefly in Vine, and near *Aula*, a small Town half Way betwixt *Syracusa* and the Cape, producing some execrable Sugar, we arrived late in the Evening at the *Promontorium Pachynum*, now called the *Capo Passaro*: It is a very low and plain Point of Land; I wonder what *Virgil* means by

- * We brush the spreading Rocks and tow'ring Clifts
Of high *Pachynum*.

Perhaps from a Distance at Sea he descried the high rocky Mountains which bound this Plain, and mistook them for the Shore, the Promontory itself from its extreme Flatness, not being visible.

- * *Hinc altas cautes projectaque saxa Pachyni*
Radimus ————— *Æn. Lib. 3d.*

F

M A L-



MALTA LA VALETTA.

July the 26th.

LEAVING the *Capo Passaro*, we, in about fourteen Hours reached the Domains of the Knights of *Jerusalem*; consisting of the Islands *Malta* and *Gozzo*, known to the Antients by the Names of *Melite* and *Gaulos*.

These have alternately been supposed the Islands of *Alcinous* and *Calypso*. From the first Accounts delivered to us by authentic History, they were possessed by a Colony of *Carthaginians*; they afterwards, with the Rest of the World, fell into the Hands of the *Romans*: In the Time of *Tiberius*, St. PAUL was shipwrecked on the Island; from that Epoch, the greatest Part of the Islanders embraced Christianity; and they still shew the Spot where he was wrecked, and (at a small Town called *Civita Vecchia*) the Grott where he dwelt, with the greatest Faith and Veneration:
Tossed

Tossed and banded about from *Saracens* to *Christians*, and *Christians* to *Saracens*, during the turbulent lower Ages, it at length fell into the Hands of *Charles* the Fifth, who in the fifteenth Century, gave these Islands a free Donation to the Knights of *Jerusalem*; who, expelled from *Rhodes*, where they had resided for two hundred Years, after their Succession from the sacred City, seem to be at length permanently settled at *Malta*. They exercise here a secular, military, and religious Government, with the most despotic Policy, the first; in the second, subject to the antient Institutions and Canons of the Order. The Number of Knights is indefinite, every Noble of every Country, which took Part in the romantic Expeditions of the Crusade, having a Claim to Admission.

The Grand Master of the Order, whose Title is Serene Highness, lives in kingly State; he is served at Table always by the Knights in Person, who (whatever their Pretensions to Rank or Distinction on the Continent, or in their Native Country, may be) never sit, and are never covered in his Presence. With Respect to the Government of the Island, he

is absolute ; with Respect to the Order, he is not only strictly subject to the antient Institutes, but laying aside his superior State and Power of distributing the Offices and Emoluments of the Order, he is little more than Chief of the Senate of the great Crosses, so called from the large white Cross, which they wear on their Breasts.

In this great Counsel, all Affairs relative to the Order are transacted, each Member having a single Vote, the Grand-Master a double. The great Officers of State, eight in Number, are at the Head of this Senate; they are called the *Pilieri*, or *Pillars of State*; and when unanimous, have more Power even than the Grand-Master, in as much as they can depose him.

By the antient Institutes of the Order, the Requisites to Admission were high Nobility, and five Years actual Service in the Holy-Wars. These they pretend to adhere to, every Knight being obliged to produce his genealogical Tree, and reside five Years at *Malta*; two of which he is to be in actual Service on Board the Gallies. Their Vows are of Chastity

tity and Charity, constant Enmity with the Enemies of their Religion, and Obedience to the Canons of their Order: These they transgress every Day; with Respect to the first, almost every Knight keeps his Mistress publicly, who is called his Commare or Gossip.

At the Death of the Grand-Master, a new one is chosen from the Senate of the Great-Crosses, every Nation putting up three at once, Competitors and Electors, proceeding nearly as the sacred College at the Decease of a Pope. The Name of *English* is still written among the Number of Nations, on the Day of Election; three are indiscriminately taken from the Senate, to represent their Voice, but the Business is merely honorary, as they cannot be chosen Master.

Malta is about sixty Miles in Circuit; a mere Rock, in many Parts absolutely bare, in others covered with a Foot and an half of very rich Mould; a great Deal of which hath been brought from *Sicily*, and of which the Proprietors are extremely tenacious; walling their several Possessions into small Squares, to prevent the Earth being washed away by a

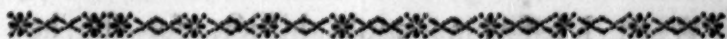
heavy Rain, into their Neighbour's Territory ; so that the Country from an Eminence, has the Appearance of a large Chess-Board, The whole Island is a fine Example of what Industry can draw from an ungrateful Soil ; every Spot is occupied ; the Whole is a rich Picture of Villages, Pleasure-Houses, and Gardens.

The Capital consists of three Towns, separated by the different Branches of the Port and Fortifications ; of which the principal Division is called *La Valetta*, where the Grand-Master and the Knights reside. The Town is well built, but the Streets are narrow ; and from the Inequality of the Ground, are in many Places unpassable by Carriages.

The Palace of the Sovereign is extensive, handsome, and within much decorated with Paintings, relative to the most noted Victories and Transactions of the Order.

The Cathedral of *St. John* is a noble old Building ; The Ceiling and many other Parts of it are painted by *Calabrese*, and I think may be placed among his best Works : The
Chapels

Chapels round the Isle of the Church (of which every Nation appropriates one) are well worth remarking for the Paintings, Monuments, Jewels, and other Riches, which the combined Nobility of *Europe*, have at various Periods endowed them with; but without Doubt, the most remarkable Objects to a curious Stranger at *Malta*, are its Fortifications and its Port; the first, without particularizing them, have, if well garrisoned, been deemed impregnable; the second is formed by a narrow Bay, winding near two Miles into the Land, several Branches sprouting from it as from a Stag's Horn: In short, it has the Appearance of a large River encreasing towards its Disembogement, by the Influx of smaller Rivers: Close to the Bank or Key, even in the smallest Recesses, there is Water for Vessels of any Burthen.



At S E A, betwixt MALTA and CAPO
PASSARO.

July the 27th.

AND now we walked towards the Key:
The Sun was half below the Horrizon; each

Object was warm with that glimmering Blush which anounceth his departing Ray: The Eye, caught a while by the variegated Splendor of the Horizon, thence turned with Rapture and Religion to the Zenith, of a blueish tranquil Grey; while the Mind felt all the Force of the Transition, and with the Day, leaving a its trivially splendid Interests behind, sunk into calm Philosophy and Itself. I felt the deep and not unpleasing Melancholly, which ever accompanies even this temporary Farewell to Nature, when the Soul is conversant with and open to her Charms; I felt it so strong, so sweet, I wishfully cast my Eyes around, to mark the Being as most base and hardened, who dared to resist its Influence: The first who struck my View, was a venerable hoary-headed Slave, leaning on his Hand, and from Time to Time dropping a Tear upon the Chain which galled it; he had known the Worst Misfortune could inflict, for she had associated him with the Vicious, and—“he was more sinn’d against than sinning. His Back was turned upon the Crew of Wretches round: his Eye was fixed on the departing Sun, and when it sunk, he breathed a Sigh, which

which had it struck Fame's Trump, would have blasted the very Growth of all Felicity : In his Visage was seated nor Rage, nor Grief, it was Despair, grown calm : I asked if I could assist him ; he did not answer me, I asked again, when Somebody touching my Elbow, I turned, and saw a poor Priest, who suppliantly stammered, " Sir, Sir," (said I) I am not in a Humour to deny, ask, (replied he) " I am " a poor Curate, wishing to return to my " Flock; will you favor me, Sir, with a Passage in your Boat?" do you know that Man, (said I) who leans on the Prow of yonder Galley? It is the unhappy *Florio*, (cried my Priest) but, soft! this despotic Region is no Place for free Converse; when we are in our Boat his melancholy Tale shall serve to amuse our Attention from the tedious-Length or Dangers of our Passage : I felt that I was now the Sutor, I would not have bartered the Company of my ragged, wan Son of Poverty and his Story, for the Society of a *Charles* the Second : We were now some Miles from the Port, when my worthy Fellow Traveller, casting one look towards *Malta*, turned, dropt a Tear; then thus addressed Me !

You

You will pardon me Sir, but this *Florio* was once my Friend ; once I say, for that noble, free, ingenuous Mind is now lost to those tender Feelings, without which (spight of the Pride of Stoicism) Man is below his Essence : A rooted Despondency hath stupified his Soul, and frozen up the genial Current, which long used to flow in that Sympathy with Pleasure and Distress, which characterises Friendship : —But listen to this Story.

Don *Camillo* was the Cadet of a noble *Portuguese*, who procured him the Cross of *Malta*, that he might enter the Lists for the Prizes of the Church or Military, as Occasion should display the readier Course of Preferment. His bold enterprizing Genius however, urged him to the Latter. Without entering into a Detail of his Exploits or Virtues, let us View him after a long Career of Fortune and Merit, enjoying one of the most distinguished Posts in the Military Department. *Florio* was the natural Son and Orphan of a brave but unsuccessful Officer, who Dying, bequeathed him nought but his Sword and his Blessing. Don *Camillo* took Pity on the Youth's forlorn Situation, placed him near his Person, gave him a liberal Education,

Education, and formed him for his Companion and Solace in some future Hour; when Life, bereft of the more turbulent Joys of Passion, is the more open to the refined Comforts of an Elegant and Liberal Companion; nor where his Expectations vain, *Florio* was noble in Sentiment, tho' his Birth (if Birth is ought) it must be owned, was spurious. He was at five and twenty, learned and of sound experienced Judgement with the Old; gay and of Warmth and Sentiment with the Young, most pleasing to all, and all with all; and he had most happily at once proved his Gratitude and personal Courage, in rescuing his Patron from the Sword of superior Numbers. Don *Camillo* was now desirous of retiring, and the Variety of his past Life inducing to uniformity, its Vanities and Dissipation to Religion; he chose *Malta* for his Residence: *Florio* whatever shining Path his Note among the Friends of Don *Camillo* might point him out, would not forsake his then generous Patron, but giving up at once, the splendored Interests, — and tenderest, softest Connections of Society, he hastened to Sacrifice to the Caprices, and sooth the Solitude of an old Man, on a barren, detached, burning Rock, in the Mediterranean: On the
Decease

Decease of the Grand Master, Don *Camillo's* Fame, Family and Interest, raised him to that Dignity: When conscious of his own Age, and his Servants long Attachment, the Difficulty of retrieving forsaken Interests and Friends, and indeed his own Inclination for the Society of *Florio*; he determined to procure him an Independant Subsistence on the Island: He gave him an Office in his Courts of Justice, which was a mere Sinecure, and the Profits of which were competent and certain. /

Here was the Rock on which the unhappy *Florio* was lost! A profligate Knight had long been the pest of the Peace and Police of the City; one Evening the Grand Master was apprized of a Riot in which he was engaged, and private Enmity co-operating with his Resentment of the Disgrace brought on the Order, he resolved on an unprecedented Infamy, the Violently sending a Knight of *Malta* to the common Goal; to give Authority to the Arrest, he sent his Favourite *Florio*, at the Head of a strong Party; the Rioters resisted, nor could they be secured without extreme Violence; *Florio*, who ever melted with his Master's Griefs, and lived but in his Joys, glowed too

too with his Resentments, and had now Executed his Commission with the most scrupulous and ill-timed Zeal.

The haughty Knights as soon as they were apprized of the Indignity offered to one of their Order, impetuously crouded to the Palace Gate.—How often hath the lesson of Experience unfolded the Dangers of serving the Passions of one, unaccountable for Misdemeanor!—How often hath the Page of History been stained with the Blood of some fond Favourite, which hath served to wash Disorder from a Throne, and mollify an enraged People! nor was *Florio* ignorant of these Truths; but devoted as he was to his Patron, when his Desire, when his Word was spoken, he consulted but his Heart; while Reason, like the dull Clay which it inhabits, molded to its very Impulse!——Don *Camillo* now conscious of having acted with the precipitate Peevishness incident to old Age, fearful of Consequences, and expecting that a well-timed Concession might calm the Minds of the enraged Party, was induced to deny his Influence in the Transaction, and declare his Servant amenable. The Knights, with the
haughty

haughty Cruelty of feudal Nobles, unitedly insulted by a Vassal, now demanded—" That
 " the Wretch who dared to lay a violent Hand
 " on a Knight of *Malta*, should be put to
 " Death, with the most aggravating Circum-
 " stances of Ignominy and Horror;" the Heads
 of the State enforced the Demand, and this
 degenerate Order of *humble Christians*, now
 strove, from Pride and Prejudice, to plunge
 that Sword into the Breast of a Brother, which
 in the Hand of their Forefathers, was each
 brother Christians Defence and Safeguard!
 Don *Camillo*, too late perceived his Error; all
 he could now possibly effect was a Mitigation
 from Death, and the brave polished, liberal
 minded *Florio*, was now condemned to be
 thrice publicly whipt, and to work in the
 Gallies for Life: The inexorable Knights saw
 the first Part of the Sentence so rigidly execu-
 ted, that *Florio* might again complain of the
 Cruelty of his Destiny, which after six Months
 of most dangerous and painful ~~Slavery~~ ^{Slaves}, pre-
 served him for fresh and more lasting Cala-
 mity.

The ungrateful Silence of the Grand Mas-
 ter touched him nearest; can my Patron (cried
 he)

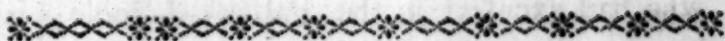
he) neglect the Servant who hath thus served him ! can my Friend neglect the Friend thus devoted to him ? Nor indeed could it be supposed that *Camillo's* mind was without Sympathy with the Sufferings of a Man like *Florio*, or without Remorse at having been the Cause of them. He got him placed on board a Galley, whose Captain he well knew was open to Motives of Interest, and he soon found secret Means of persuading him to let his Prisoner Escape on the first hospitable Shore ; the Scheme was happily put in Execution, and *Florio* under another Name, was enabled by the Presents of Don *Camillo*, to settle on a reputable and genteel Footing.

The Punishment of the Innocent carries no Venom with the Sting—the Wound soon heals without a Canker—for Virtue knows not Remorse nor Philosophy Shame.

It was now two Years, and *Florio* had almost forgot his Sorrows in the Bosom of a tender Wife, and fondling of a beautiful Infant—when suddenly, one Evening, half a Dozen masqued Russians rushed into his House ; tore him clasped and struggling from the Arms of
his

his shrieking Wife and Child, and hurried him
 him on board a Galley in the Harbour; the
 implacable Knights from the speed of *Florio's*
 Galley being sent to Sea, suspected the Grand
 Masters Intention, and when the Galley re-
 turned after a two Years Cruize, (for thus
 long it had designedly been kept from *Malta*)
 finding their Suspicions justified by the Priso-
 ners Escape, bribed some Slave, by whom,
 acquainted with his Lot, they dispatched some
 hireling Villains to secretly seize and replace
 the persecuted *Flario*, in his Chains.—And
 thirty Years have now revolved, that, there
 he sits a Monument of the Miseries occurrent
 to the most Innocent, of the Degeneracy of
 Christians, and of the depravity of Men!
 And you (said the poor Priest, turning to me
 with a wild and haggard Look, which spoke the
 labouring of his Soul) and you young Stranger
 If ever, from some sad Vicissitude, if ever you
 should know Hunger or Thirst, the Miseries
 of Want, the Loss of one whom you hold most
 dear; or whatever else Calamity is incident
 to Man, in a Word should it be your lot to
 Live, or to Die in Torments; or shouldst
 thou feel these Miseries in thy Friend; tell
 him this Tale, and let each other Woe, lose
 of

of its Tears, in Tribute to the weightier Sufferings of my *Florio*.



GERGENTI in SICILY,

August 6th 1772.

* AND now we brush the high projecting
Cliff,

Pachynum call'd,—and now salutes the
Eye

Fair *Camerina*, which sage Fate would
fain

To its damp Spot, irrevocably doom,
And now the sweet *Geloan* Plains, and now
Gela appears, so call'd from *Gela's* Flood.

WE coasted this Country, chiefly cultivated in Corn, as far as *Alicata*, a small Town and Port, where we stopt to recruit our Stock of Provisions and Water : Searching each Corner, for some interesting Vestige of Antiquity,

G

on

* Hinc altas cautes projectaquam saxa *Pachyni*,
Radimus, et fatis nunquam concessa moveri
Apparet lamerina procul Campique *Gelei*,
Immanisque *Gela* fluoii cognomine dicta.

on a large Stone in the Cathedral Wall, we found a *Greek* Inscription, containing a Decree of the Senate of *Gela*, in Favor of a Youth, who had excelled in the Publick-Schools; is it marvellous, that Arts, that Science, that Literature, and Philosophy flourished so superiorly in an Age and Country, of which the Heads were so solicitous for their Progress, in the meanest Offspring of it! Finding little else remarkable in the Place, we re-embarked for *Gergenti*, only eighteen Miles distant.

This Port, without any Advantages from Nature, is formed by an artificial Mole, which embraces the whole Port, in order more securely, to defend it from Winds and Sea; the Entrance of Course, narrow, is soon liable to be choaked up by Sand and Gravel. It at present is inaccessible to large Vessels, and in a very short Time, *Tartanes* and other smaller Vessels will find Difficulty.

Taking Mules we proceeded on a good beaten Road to the Town of *Gergenti*, four Miles distant from the Port; from the Sea it is almost an uninterrupted Ascent, to the very Town; which

which situated on the Pinnacle of a very lofty Hill, commands a vast Tract of Country round, laid out in various Sorts of Culture, but more particularly that of Corn; the chief Article of Commerce of this Southern Coast, and of which this Place is and was the great Emporium. The Hedges are of the Indian Fig, and sometimes Aloes, which, when in Bloom, is the most beautiful Plant I remember to have seen: of modern, in this Place, there is little observable, save some Pictures in the Convent of the Capuchines, by one of their Order, the *Padre Felice*, who, had he added Education and the Study of the Antique to his fine Fancy, Expression and Drawing, would have more than have rivalled *The Cinquecenti*. In the Cathedral is preserved an exceeding fine Sarcophagus of Grecian Sculpture.

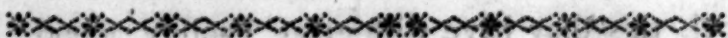
Midway *Gergenti* and the Sea, stand the numerous Remains of the antient *Arduus Agragas* or *Agrigentum*, built a short Time after *Syracuse*, by the *Geloi*, or according to others, by united Colonies from *Rhodes* and *Crete*. Instead of Walls, they took Advantage of the Precipices every where surrounding the Town,

and cutting away or building to those Parts where the Ascent was practicable, formed a Fortification, which in those Times might be deemed impregnable. They still wear a Form which proves them Something more than the Work of Nature, and more particularly, as are observable in them, many artificial Cavities of the Form of, and which probably were Sepulchres. There are Vestiges of seven different Temples, or perhaps other public Buildings.

The Antiquarians of the Place have racked *Cicero's* Accusation of *Verres*, the ninth Book of *Polybius*, and thirteenth of *Diodorus Siculus*, for Titles to them; and have bestowed them, I believe, at absolute Random. The most western Temple, of which remain only two Columns, they call the Temple of *Vulcan*; the next proceeding in a direct Line eastward, they have named the Temple of *Jupiter Olympius*; and indeed, with at least Probability in their Favor, these massive and enormous Ruins well corresponding with the Ideas which have been transmitted to us, of this prodigious Temple; the next Temple proceeding in the same Line, they Term the
Temple

Temple of *Concord*; a Building almost entire, consisting of a small oblong Chamber, surrounded by a doric Colonnade of thirteen Columns in Depth, by six in Front; the next Temple in the same Direction, they have entitled that of *Juno Lucina*; it is more ruined than the Last, and not of such bulky Proportion, containing eleven Columns in Depth, by six in Front; a good Way eastward is a Bit of old Wall, forming Part of a small modern Chapel, this they have with great Facility found out to be a Vestige of the Temple of *Ceres* and *Proserpine*; below in the Valley, betwixt the Sea and Hill, they show two Pillars, whose Intercolumniation is filled up by a Wall, (likewise antique) and now forming Part of a Farm House; and here to be sure, was the Temple of *Æsculapius*; in this Valley is likewise a curious and almost perfect Building, about twelve Feet square at the Base, by four and twenty Feet high; the first twelve Feet, bearing the Appearance of a Pedestal, the upper Part adorned on every Side with false Doors, and the Angles with small Ionic Columns, to which, I observed prefixed the Doric Trigliffe; this Building they have entitled the Tomb of *Theron*, cele-

brated by *Pindar* in his second *Olympic*. I have neglected giving any precise verbal Description, of either the *Sacrophagus* or Ruins of *Agrigentum*, as the following different Sketches thereof, will supply a much more perfect Idea. I did not find that this Place retained its former high Repute for its Breed of Horses. * *Virgil* says it was once notedly productive of the generous Steed.

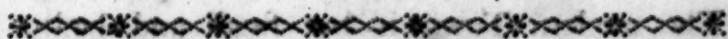


SELINUNTE, *August* the 14th.

THE twelfth we took leave of our hospitable Capuchines of *Gergenti*, and descending to the Port, we re-embarked in our *Spinaro*; when coasting a Country, rich indeed in Soil, but poor of Inhabitants, we the second Day went on Shore to visit the very remarkable Ruins of *Selinunte* or *Selinos*, so called from the great Quantity of Parsly which spontaneously grew there: For near a Mile are extended Fragments of a most massy Proportion, Heaps of Capitals and Columns of a Diameter almost incredible. I measured a Capital of a single
Stones

* *Magnanimum quondam Generator Equorum.*

Stone of twelve Feet Diameter, of which the Column measured about Seven; of these vast Piles of Building, there is not a Column but hath bowed to the force of Time. Whether these vast Buildings bore antiently the Title of Portico, Basilica or Temple, in their present Confusion, I think it impertinent to determine, it has and will be vainly discussed, the Subject of Wonder and Dispute to our Posterity, as it has been to that of their Founders! The Architecture appears to have been totally Doric, but of diverse Proportion.



TRAPANE, *August* the 16th.

* Thee to *Selinus* on whose level Shores
Nods the tall Palm: Thee too with fa-
vouring Gales
I fly; and now we brush the *Lilybaean*
Shoals,
Whose hidden Rocks threat' many a wat'ry
Grave:

G 4

Hence

* Teque datis linquo ventis palmosa *Selinus*
Et vada dura lego saxis *Lilybeia* cæcis
Hinc *Drepan* me portus et Illætabilis ora
Accipit. ————— *Ænead* L. 3.

Hence we attain the Port, and luckless
Coasts
Of *Drepamum*.

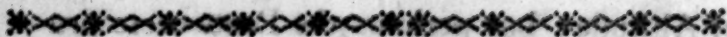
Virgil seems to have been very well informed in this Description of the Voyage of *Aeneas*, round the Promontory and Town of *Lilybæum*, now called *Marsala*, the Shallows of which are very dangerous and extend many Miles out at Sea. *Trapanè* was antiently called *Drepannon*, and built by *Amilcar* who peopled it with the Refuse of the neighbouring Towns; it soon became a City of Note and Importance: The modern Town is but small and badly fortified, but flourishing from its Commerce, being the great Emporium of Salt, Corn, and other Productions of the western Coast of *Sicily*. In this Place is a curious Manufacture of Camaos or small Relievo's, in Shell, Mother of Pearl, Ivory and other Hardware: Some of their Artists have even executed small Statues, with a great deal of Precision and Elegance. The small Plain betwixt the Town and Mount *Eryx*, is the Spot where *Virgil's* Hero instituted his Funeral Games, and where still more antiently (as the Poet tells us) was the Combat of *Eryx* and *Hercules*.

Mount

Mount Eryx, the extream Root of which is about two Miles from *Trapanè*, is an high Hill, but by no Means remarkable; many other Mountains of *Sicily* being even superior in Altitude; but perhaps the Poets were prudent in their Choice of exalting small Things, rather than debasing such as were above the utmost Soar of Exageration: Witness the great *Ætna*. On *Eryx* they pretend to shew some slight Vestige of the Temple of *Veneris Erycinæ*; the Top of the Mount, which for many Acres is a perfectly level Plain, is occupied by a large Village, in which little is remarkable, save the Women, who are really most worthy Descendents of the *Idalian* Goddesses; I never saw so much Beauty, nor so shy! for, if working at their Threshold, immediately on the Appearance of a Stranger in the Street, they retire with Precipitation into their Houses. On the Coast they pretend to shew the Tomb of *Anchises*; but these are Tales.

About two Miles from *Trapanè* is preserved a beautiful Statue of the *Madona*, said to have been made at *Rhodes* in the Year 700; which
if

if true, Art must in those Parts, have long
survived its Fall in the western Empire.



PALERMO, *August* 20th.

EARLY in the Morning of the nineteenth
Instant, we left *Trapanè*; when, after a rich
Tract of about five Miles, flourishing as a
very Garden, we suddenly struck on a barren
Down; not a Shrub, not an Herb, that would
serve for other than a scraggy Goat, was to
be seen for two and twenty Miles; when, a
few Yards from the Road, we beheld the very
striking Remains of *Segeste*, antiently called
likewise *Azzara*, and by the *Latins* *Acesta*; ac-
cording to *Virgil*, built by *Aeneas*, for the
Refuge of his Troop, which he left in *Sicily*
by the Advice of his Father's Spirit, and in
Honor of the *Trojan Acestes*, who then ruled
that Part of the Island, called it **Acesta*.

* *Aeneas*

* *Urbem Apellabunt permissio nomine Acestam.*

* *Æneas* with the cutting Share designs
The Cities Wall, allots to each his Dwelling;
 Be this old *Hion*, that, the *Trojan Plain*,
 He cried, &c.

Alluding to the two Rivers which were called
 after those of *Troy*, *Simois*, and *Scamander*,
 now *I fiumi del Santo Bartolomeo*. *Virgil* in
 the same Book gives the Building of *Eryx* to
 the *Trojans*, or rather the famous Temple of
Venus Erycina—

‡ Then shall an hallow'd Mansion rise
 On *Eryx* Top, and tow'r to the Skies,
 Sacred to the *Idalian Venus*.

The best reputed Author who gives an Ac-
 count of the Settling in these Parts, is *Thucy-
 dides*; and it seems indeed, that *Virgil* built
 his elegant Superstructure on this simple
 Founda-

* *Æneas urbem designat aratro
 Sortiturque domos hoc Hium, et hæc loca Troja,
 Esse jubet,*——

Virg. Æn. L. 5.

‡ Tunc vicina astris *Erycina* in vertice fedes,
 Fundatur *Veneri Idaliæ*,

Foundation : Says the Historian, ‡ “ *Illum*
 “ being taken, certain of the *Trojans* who
 “ escaped the *Greeks*, failed to *Sicily*, where
 “ settling on the Confines of the *Sicani*, they
 “ together with their Neighbours, went un-
 “ der the general Name of the *Elumi*, and
 “ their chief Cities were *Egeste* and *Eryx*.
 “ Certain too of the *Phocians*, drove by
 “ Storm on the Coasts of *Lybia*, and after-
 “ wards carried by a like Accident to this
 “ Part of *Sicily*, came and settled in the
 “ Neighbourhood.”

There are some broken Pieces of Wall, and
 a few other Fragments of the Town of *Se-
 geste* still remaining; but by much the most
 remarkable Object there, (and indeed in all
Sicily) is a vast Temple of rude Doric Order,
 situated on the Summits of a rude rocky Hill.
 It hath fourteen Columns in Depth by six in
 Front, all entire, not fluted, and of a pro-
 digious

‡ *Ἰλίου δὲ ἀλίσκομενος, τῶν τρωῶν τινες διαφυγόντες τῆς Ἀχαιῶν
 πλοίοις ἀφίχοντες εἰς τὴν Σικελίαν καὶ ὁμοροὶ τοῖς Σικανοῖς
 οἰκησάντες συμπαλεῖς ἐλῦμοι ἐκλήθησαν· πολλοὶ δὲ αὐτῶν Ἐρύξ καὶ
 Ἐχίστα προσυνήκησαν δὲ αὐτοῖς καὶ Φωκίων τινες τῶν ἀπὸ Τροίας
 τότε κειμένων εἰς Λιβύην πρῶτον ἐκίτα εἰς Σικελίαν ἀπ' αὐτῆς καὶ
 ἕχθοντες.*

Thucy. Bell. Peloponn. Lib. 6 verso il purcopio.

digious massy Proportion; as near as I could
 judge, they were of seven Feet to the Dia-
 meter, and about five Diameters and an half
 of the Shaft to the entire Column; as in other
Sicilian Ruins, so in these no Cement is used;
 the Stories are fitted together with a most a-
 stonishing Accuracy of Workmanship: There
 is no Appearance of there having been a Roof.
 We are informed by some of the elder Classes,
 that in the very early Ages, among some Na-
 tions it was deemed irreverential, in building
 a House for the Supreme Being, to prescribe
 Limits to his Expansion: The first Sacrifice
 was on an Altar shaded from profane Eyes
 by a thick Grove. Man, ever ambitious of
 emulating Nature with Art, soon caught the
 Idea of forming the hallowed Avenue of
 Stone: The first simple Thought was noble,
 but afterwards refined into roof Apartment,
 and all the Minutæ of Building, it seem'd as
 if Man, weak, haughty Man, unable to
 stretch his Babel Tower to the Heavens,
 would again attempt to bring the Almighty
 to a Level, by confining him within his
 earthly groveling Mansion of Brick and Mor-
 tar. It may not here be an unapt Observation,
 that the sacred Grove in succeeding Ages was

a Relique of the more antient, pure, and natural Worship.

A few hundred Yards westward of these Ruins, we found the famous Baths *Segeſte*, ſtill frequented, and in ſome Repute. Five Miles diſtant, in the Depth of a large Bay, was the *Emporium Segeſtanum*.

Round the Bay, the Mountains form a moſt noble Theatre, receding and leaving a Tract of Plain or Valley, towards the Depth of the Bay; this called the Vale of *Alcamo*, is one of the moſt fertile Spots I ever beheld, covered with Corn, and Vines, and Villages, of which *Alcamo*, is the Chief, about eight Miles diſtant from the great Temple: It is compoſed chiefly of Convents.

There being no Inn in the Town, we once more took up our Reſidence with the bearded Tribe of *St. Francis*. Early the next Morning we remounted our Mules, when having paſſed the fertile Valley, we began to aſcend the Mountains, towering one behind another, like huge gigantic Steps; the tired Traveller is flattered that every Mountain is the laſt,
and

and still an higher rears its Head behind, and seems to deride the Vanity of his Hopes. Apply the Example to every human Course; we surmount an Obstacle, we think all is effected necessary to be great, good, or happy; when another arises from the very Victory, and sad Experience at length convinces us, that we are never to pass the Barriers of Weakness and Misery. Arriving at length at the highest Pinnacle of these Hills, we had a most noble View of the Town, Vale, and Bay of *Palermo*: looking over the inferior Ridges of Hills which form, as it were, the Seats of this colossal Theatre.

CHAP.



ANTIEN T POLITICAL STATE
O F
S I C I L Y.

CHAP. I.

PALERMO, *August* 25th.

A Country long the poetic Scene of Gods and Shepherds, may naturally be presupposed at once partaking of the Sublime and Beautiful : *Vulcan* proved the imperial Thunders in the Abyfs of *Ætna*, while the Shepherd *Acis* pip'd his Loves at its Foot, and in *Pluto's* ravishing thence the blooming Daughter of *Ceres* ; the Poet seem'd well to exprefs the united Horrors of Hell and Sweets of blushing Nature, which at once astonish and charm in the various Regions of *Sicily*.

So

So happily is this Island situated, so genial its Climate, that Nature, from the North and from the South, seems to pour in her Stores with an equal Hand; the Romantic and the Tame, the Rich and the Sterile, have each their proper Ornament, are each embellished with the Flower, Shrub, or Tree, most grateful to the Scene; the Myrtle and Arbutus flourish in the Chinks of the Rock, and o'er-hang the Brow of the Cavern; the Oak, the Pine, and other hardiest Productions of the northern Zone, tower in the Grove; and the Sugar-Cane, Vine, and Corn, wave to the same Blast. It is no Wonder, under such Circumstances of Climate and wild Fertility, that this Island, when in a rude unsettled State, should have been dedicated by poetic Fancy to the Chaces of a *Diana*, or the Wanderings of a *Ceres*; or that it should have successively become the most populous, the best cultivated, and governed, of the enlightened World: The last Advantage indeed was owing to other accidental Circumstances: Numberless were the Republicks and Principalities on the *Grecian* Continent and Islands; and the various Forms of Government ever struggling with the Pas-

sions and Opinions of the Subjects thereof; the violent Shock of public Commotion often detached from the Body politic small Parties of Men, whom Choice or Necessity, banished their native Hearth, and directed to some Spot, where they might, at Liberty, make such Change or Improvements in the Fashions or Constitution of the Mother Country, as their Prejudices or Philosophy suggested: many of these Colonies came and settled in *Sicily*.

A State could scarce be called an infant One, whose first Founders came from the very Fountain of Learning and Policy, and those too refined by the Touch of past Error and Misfortune: We find the *Sicilian* Republicks, in their very first Ages, producing Poets, Philosophers and Warriors, equivalent to the chiefest Heroes of the Mother Country; the Consequence is ready; the States were well and politically regulated, Arts and Agriculture flourished; and *Sicily* heretofore an Example of the ruder Beauties and Sports of Nature, now became an opulent, laboured Country, and the Granary of others. Its Number of great Cities was astonishing, and if we may judge from the

the divers Ruins and best classic Descriptions of them, no one equal Extent of Country in the known World could boast the Population, Wealth, and Magnificence of *Sicily*.

The Face of the Country hath now undergone a third Revolution; one would almost be led to think, that its Rulers were seeking to re-establish the first golden Age of simple Nature; I don't Doubt but that in a few Years, there will be few Inhabitants left, save some straggling Shepherd,——

——more silly than the Sheep
Which on the flow'ry Plains he once did keep;
Who shall again drink Nectar from the Fountain, sacrifice to *Pan*, and successively attain the various Steps of that golden Felicity which (with many other mysterious Points) one must know nothing, to know any Thing of.



PRESENT POLITICAL STATE
OF
SICILY.

CHAP. II.

PALERMO, *Aug.* the 26th.

WERE I to attempt to feign the at
once most flagitious and miserable of
Countries, I would paint feudal and ecclesi-
astic Tyranny, united to oppress a Multitude
of Vassals, who, desperate in the Incertitude of
To-morrow, ungrateful to a Benefactor, Vil-
lains for a Mite,—kiss no other Hand than
that which holds their Rod: I would paint the
Churchmen rich, voluptuous Zealots; at once
taxing

taxing and [encouraging Vice, inviegling the Prostitute with the very Fee of Absolution: I would say, that the great Barons had lost even the fierce Virtues of their Order, the Spirit of Arms and Hospitality; that an artful Minister, without subtracting the People from the Yoke, had enslaved their Masters, and by involving them in all the ruinous Expence of exorbitant court Luxury, had rendered the Oppression of the lower Class still more inevitable: I would say, that by thus treacherously seducing these slavish Lords to a Court, the Nation was depopulated of its true Nobility, the cursed Tax of Agents was laid upon the Husbandmen, Money was drafted from the Provinces daily impoverished, for Want of those Returns, which the Residence of an hospitable Lord, once perhaps supplied: Trade was put a Stop to by the Prejudices of the Nobles, and the Poverty or Insufficiency of the Artisans: And would I add to the Curse, the Convents should Number with the Houses! but enough of so hideous a Portrait; could the Genius of *Sicily* arise, the Mirror would startle her.

The *Sicilian* Barons, previous to the Reign of the present King of *Spain*, were the most potent Nobles in any Monarchy, armed with the true feudal Spirit of Independency and Opposition, which flourished in the thirteenth and fourteenth Centuries; when the Catholic King gave up the Dominion of the two *Sicilies* to his Son; conscious of the many past Revolutions, and still Propensity to Commotion in these Countries, He left him a Pilot, whom he judged, and who indeed proved most adequate to the Storm; this was the sage and artful *Tanucci*, a Minister who had already undermined the extensive Powers of the Nobility, by the old Policy of introducing Luxury; of attracting them from a Residence and Interest on their Territories to the Splendor of a Court, seducing them into Necessities, and more insidiously extricating them by a Permission to alienate their Fiefs: sixteen Years ago, the all-accomplished Minister *Folignani*, was sent Viceroy to *Palermo*: His Table was open to all; the Palace was a Scene of Mid-day, and of midnight Revels; nor, among the ruinous Vices of Court Luxury, was that of Gaming neglected,

In a

In a few Years the Spirit and Authority of the Barons were nearly broken, and *Tanucci*, on various Pretences, having strongly fortified and garrisoned many of the Towns, threw off the Mask, and now indisputably rules every Motion at the Assembly of the States: not totally to combine the Interests of every Order of Men, the Minister hath been politically obliged for a Time to espouse the Cause and Enfranchisement of the lower Class.

Justice of every Kind is relaxed, the most horrid Crimes are perpetrated with Impunity; the very Government seems to authorise them, while it keeps a Banditti in Pay, who are to Day employed to protect the Traveller, whom to Morrow perhaps they may strip and murder: Suppose, at the same Time, near a Third of the Island in the Hands of a vicious and despotic Clergy, and it will not be difficult to form a tolerably precise Idea of the consequential State of the Country: Industry sinking under united Despotism, Superstition and Rapine; the despairing Husbandmen seeking Refuge with the Banditti of the Woods, or of the Convent; Agriculture of Course ne-

glected, and the Country a great Part Waste ; Population confined to the Towns, and Trade to the fortified Places, where various Restrictions and Taxes cramp it in its Growth, and check the Progress to extensive Credit or Affluence.



Of the PRESENT STATE, &c.

CHAP. III.

PALERMO, *Aug.* 27th.

WHEN *Osiris* died, *Isis* cut his Body into Pieces, and then concealing the Parts in different *Momies*, distributed them among the great Towns throughout her Dominions, secretly announcing to each, that they exclusively possessed the Body of their Heroe and their God ; and at the same
Time

Time allotted a different Standard to each respective Corps, a Sign of this their peculiar Honor, and her Predilection: The Cat, the Crocodile, and the Leek, no sooner appeared in the Van, but the warmest Contest arose, and religious Dissentions giving Birth to private Factions and Animosities; *Isis* ever thereafter ruled her vast Empire in Peace, by making Use of the Passions of others, when her own Reason could no longer prevail. Whether a like political Management first caused the similar Dissentions in *Sicily*, I know not, but certainly the Effect is nearly equivalent; each Province, each City, each Village, would be thought to be exclusively possessed of the favoured Minister of Heaven. The patron Saint not only stands foremost in the good Opinion of his Clients, but, thro' the Machinations of the Priesthood, finding their Interest in heading one Party, and of the Government in managing all, religious Discord is so strongly sown, and so effectually prevails among and blinds the different Sects, that a *Messinese*, a *Catanian*, and a *Palermitan*, would hardly be persuaded to allow one another human. Superstition however in this Country,

is

is in one Respect, even advantageous; every Town vies with its Neighbour in paying a sumptuous Adoration to its supposed holy Mediator, and the various and frequent Pageantry of Processions, serves to circulate Specie among the lower Class, and to enliven and raise up Trade, crouching under Oppression and Prejudice: That Cloud of Prejudice, it has been often thought, will quickly dissipate to the Light of Knowledge, now universally breaking on the World: I cannot say that I am of that Opinion: a Nobility distinguished by hereditary Privileges as well as Honors, still preserves Influence and Respect in its Community, tho' mixing in its Pursuits and Occupations; but a Nobility whose exclusive Pretensions to Honour are merely raised on the Prejudices of Birth, would, in an enlightened Age, soon loose a Title to Pre-eminence so weakly founded, were it not sustained by ascetic and studied, though perhaps equally vain Distinctions; this they are well apprized of, and for many, many Years to come,—— If a *Sicilian* Noble trades, he must trade by Stealth, or forfeit his Charter. Prejudice is not a greater Enemy to Trade, than Op-

pression

pression is to Agriculture: The poor and yet pillaged Profits accruing to the Farmer from his Tenure, give but small Encouragement to employ Expence or Pains thereon: It is the free born Countryman alone, who cherishes the Soil: The Slave and the *Sicilian* plunders it: Happily indeed for the idle Natives, this Country is of a Fertility which would supply almost spontaneously what in other Countries is the Fruit of constant Toil and Attention: Add the Numbers of those vowed to Celibacy; of those forming the splendid Train of Laquets, attending each Noble; of those employed in the Fisheries, so numerous and necessary in a catholic and impoverished Country; of the Military drafted from each Province; and lastly, of those who live on the Plunder of the Rest, and the Inadequacy of the Husbandman to the Extent of the Soil, must be glaringly obvious.

The polite Society of the inferior Towns consists chiefly of the Officers of the various military Detachments, and perhaps two or three desperate Nobles, whom ill Fortune at Play, or other ruinous Vice, has banished from the politer Circle of *Palermo*: Here and there

there, indeed, you will find a Man like the Prince of Biscari, whom a just Sense of the irretrievable Fortune of his Order and Country, hath given up to Arts, Literature, and all the Tastes of a refined Retirement.

I ever found the Men of the lower Class, most meanly cunning and insidious in their Dealing, desirous in the minutest Transactions, of prevailing by Artifice; their Address in which, they are so fond of, that they will often employ it preferably to more honest, and even surer Methods of succeeding.

It is an Observation (if I remember) of Rousseau, "*qu'il n'y a rien de plus bete qu'un paysan, rien de plus fin qu'un sauvage.*—These Beings are of an amphibious Nature, a motly compound of Artifice and Stupidity: I studiously avoided all personal Commerce with them; our Scoundrel in Buckram, whom (according to the Custom of the Country) we hired to attend and guard us against his Brother Rogues, agreeably taking all Disputes and Transactions with them off my Hands. I could not, as I passed the Country, help taking Notice of the Peasants Method of Singing; if

as

(as a *Sicilian* Author has pretended) it is traditionally descended from their remotest Ancestors. I must own that I would rather have heard the Verses of a *Theocritus* said than sung; it is not unlike some of the worst of our Parish Church roaring.

The Roads in this Country are passable only by a Mule; the Inns are few in Number, and their Accomodations of the worst; but the golden Key will open the hospitable Door of every Convent in the Kingdom, and Curiosity co-operating with the Convenience, I never myself, thought of enquiring for other Lodging; the Hypocrisy of these Reverend Fathers, is most diverting; but not to reveal the Secrets of my Hosts, let it suffice, that through their Means I enjoyed a singular Advantage in being admitted into various Societies of *Sicilian* Women: They are in general beautiful to a Miracle; so assiduously preserving their Complexions, that I firmly believe there are many whose Brow, the Sun never shone upon: Their Hair is in general dark, which they braid, and then winding the tresse into a spiral Bunch, fasten it to the back Part of the Head; the rest
of

of their Dress is most proper to the embellishing and setting of a fine Shape; their Hands and Feet are delicately small, and finished as by the Hand of *Raphael* himself; their Eyes are such, as no Eyes can meet with Impunity! They are of a lively interesting Turn of Wit, and of a Vivacity of Gesture in Conversation most enchanting; nor by the by, do they seem difficult to Enchant! in a Word, in no Country on Earth, are Women, more Women than in *Sicily*; can I add another Eloge?

Of





OF PALERMO and its INHABITANTS.

CHAP. IV.

PALERMO, *September the 1st.*

PALERMO is the Capital to which the Flock of *Sicilian* Gentry resort, and after the Example of the Viceroy's Court there, ape through the whole Catalogue of foreign Vices and Fashions; Dress, Equipage, and all the Pageantry of Life, are in the highest Vogue; but with very few Exceptions; the luxuries of Convenience are as rare as those of Ostentation are frequent; their Houses are at once, showy, incommodious and mean: on the Chapter of Accomplishment, there is not a *Sicilian* in the polite Circle, but can ask you
how

how you do in three Languages, talk of *Newton* and *Descartes* ; tell you that *Theocritus* was their Countryman, and *Palermo* once called *Panormus* ; but this their Knowledge is to such a wonderful Degree superficial, that one can hardly imagine, how they could touch on any one Science without penetrating Deeper : In Conversation they are smart and lively, free of, and clever at Repartee ; but their Wit like an hacked Razor, grates as it cuts, nor is their Breeding more refined ; the Men seem universally to affect a Tone of Society foreign to their real Characters ; their Dress, their Manner, their Conversation ever put me in Mind of poor tinfelled strolling Players, who were delivering a Speech of Fustian or Humour, with all the Affectation of outrageous Theatrical Grimace, the Meaning of which themselves understood not.

The Women are in general handsome, artful, very familiar, and of a peculiar Turn for Intrigue ; to the favouring which, a long black silk Mantle, covering the Head and whole Figure to the very Feet, and worn occasionally by those of the highest, as well as those

those of the lowest Rank, very much contributes.

The Office of *Cecisbeo* is as general as in *Italy*; but it here for the most Part implies the closest and tenderest Intimacy; whereas on the Continent the *Cecisbeo* is often a mere Dangler, or perhaps a Friend chosen by the Husband to watch and protect his Wife.

A Stranger on his first Arrival, is much courted and carested; but as it is Novelty which engages the Women, and Curiosity the Men, the Motives soon subside, and the consequent Attention disappears: The *Spaniards* having long ruled this Country, many of their Customs have insinuated themselves: Long Swords, Veils, and Bull-Fights are in high Vogue; Spanish Jealousy hath (I know not how) found its Way into the Female Breast alone; the Woman is and will be here absolute Mistress to loosen or preserve the Knot of Affection at Pleasure.

Palermo is a small Town of only five Miles Circuit; nearly in the Center, two very noble
I Streets

Street cut each other at right Angles, reaching either Way the Extremity of the Town; at the Point of their Interfection is a circular Place; the four Squares filling up the Angles of the Cross, are laid out in small Streets, here and there interrupted by small squares: The Town is situated in a deep and extremely rich Valley, surrounded to every Point but the North, by very lofty Mountains; on the remaining Side washed by an extensive and beautiful Bay: To the Inland, the Town is skirted and adorned with Gardens and stately Avenues, intermixed with the most rural and beautiful Suburbs I have ever seen.

To the Sea, distinct from the Merchantile, is a most noble and extensive Key, which serves as a Parade for the Gentry; in the Centre is erected a Stone Orchestra, where every Summer Evening, the Viceroy gives a Concert Gratis to the Citizens, who after the sultry Heats and Fatigues of the Day, come and doubly enjoy the Luxuries of Conversation, Music, and the refreshing Sea-Breeze: At the Back of the Key are ~~the~~ Shops for the Convenience of the Company: The Numbers
of

of Coaches on this Parade are astonishing, as well as their Splendor ; on Feast or other *Gala* Days, a *Palermitan* Noble would not leave a Cat at Home, were it big enough to wear a Livery. The Ladies of this Place never visit or give Assemblies as in *Italy*, unless on Extraordinary Occasions ; as, for Instance, a Marriage or Birth of an Heir. Two public Palaces are subscribed to by the united Body of the Nobility, where they form a very gay and familiar Coterie every Night of the Year, and where a Stranger, when properly introduced, is most politely received. There is an Opera-House and a Play-House ; the first Experience hath found too small to support the Salaries of a serious Opera ; it is now wholly dedicated to the *Buffa* : The Plays are mere *Poli-chinellacias*. *Palermo* is, in short, the greatest Part of the Year replete with Diversion of every Kind ; the remaining Months the Gentry retire to their Villas, most Part of which are situated on the Sea-Shore, to the East of *Palermo*, and many of them neatly enough decorated.



REVIEW of the general FACE
of the COUNTRY,

In a LETTER to a

L A D Y.

NAPLES, *Sept.* 14th.

ONCE again, my dear Madam, I greet you from the Continent, having at length bade an unwilling Adieu to the charming *Sicily*; a Country which Truth and Fiction have so strongly vied with each other in the Embellishment of, that it still remains contested whether Heroes or Gods, Sages or Shepherds, shall bear the Prize from this uni-

versal Theatre : The beautiful Contrast of the
 Wild and Placid, the Variety and Luxuriancy
 of Vegetation ; in a Word, the Charms which
 the choicest Pastoral would describe, are weak,
 when compared with the natural Scenery of
 this enchanted Isle :— Here towers a wild tu-
 multuous Landscape of Rocks and Precipices;
 there stretches a Plain checquer'd with Lakes,
 with Groves, and with Villages ; and every
 where the mighty *Ætna* crowns the Prospect,
 rearing its huge Head from behind the distant
 Mountains : *Ætna*, that gigantic Mound of
 Ashes, whose Horrors and Beauties have tran-
 scended even poetical Exaggeration, — The
 black *Ætna* itself boasts the most superior Re-
 dundancy of every Object conducive to a rich
 or to a romantic Scene: The lowermost Regions
 are enriched with Vineyards and with Gardens
 of every Kind of Fruit, scattered with num-
 berless Villages, and watered with the clearest
 Springs ; from half Way the Ascent, most ma-
 jestic Oak and other Groves stretch to within
 five Miles of the Summit ; thence all is bar-
 ren, Sand, Sulphurs, and Snow, eternally ri-
 vetted by the intense Cold, even to that Bed
 of Flames. At the Dawn of Day, before the
 Exha-

Exhalations attending the Sun have obscured the Horrizon, looking down from this princely Mountain, a View such as the infernal Spirit shewed, when he vainly proffered to our SAVIOUR the Dominions of the Earth, at once rises to the Eye; Cities, Woods, Rivers, Plains, Mountains, and an every-where furrounding Sea, spotted with Islands, all that is great in Nature, is at once displayed in the richest and the clearest Colours; turn from this astonishing Prospect to the great Gulph of the Volcano; what a prodigious Abyfs! the spreading Volume of sulphurous Smoak veils the greater Part of the Hemisphere: Eruptions indeed are rare, happy is it that they are so; *Catania*, full thirty Miles distant from the Source, has more than once felt the Rage of its Inundations.

Let us descend from this vast Mountain into the Plain; antiently a Number of populous Cities, headed by the princely *Syracuse*, adorned this Coast; still almost in every one some venerable Relique yet exists to tell the Tale; some Foot, from the Symmetry and Excellence of which, one may judge how in-

estimable was the Figure. On the Pinnacle of a vast Rock stands an old Theatre, strewn with Fragments of the richest Marble and Sculpture; it looks down on the Village which yet presumptuously retains the Name *Torrimene*, and seems to shake its Ivy Locks to the Storm with Grief and Indignation: *Catania* hath repeatedly been a Victim to *Ætna*, but still sufficient Remains of its Theatres, Baths, and other public Works, to tell how much it is fallen. *Lentini* and many other noble Towns are low in the Dust, and not a Stone tells where they lie; but the Spot of *Syracuse* shall ever be distinguishable; Nature there resides so exquisitely beautiful, that whatever Vestment she may take, she ever must be known; Time shall soon have mouldered away the Reliques of Art, few are the Remains thereof, and those too are nearly obliterated; but the Fountain *Cyane* shall still be deep and clear, still shall *Hybla* send forth a thousand fragrant Odours, still shall the Isle *Ortygia* secure from Tempests that most beautiful Bay, once every Way skirted by Buildings— but Nature has now renewed her hereditary

ditary Claim, and the wild Thicket conceals each mouldering Vestige of the Temple and the Palace; *Arethusa* too must ever live, but spoiled of her Fane and sacred Grove, immured and serving Mules and Washer-Women; I can scarcely acknowledge her in her Rags.

On the southern Coast are yet to be seen many antient Buildings, and some so little or beautifully ruined, that Time may seem to have studied his Work, and unbuilding with the greatest Grace and Care, to have emulated the Architect: At *Agrigentum* are two Temples nearly entire, and numerous Vestiges of others: at *Selinunte*, for near a Mile, are extended Heaps of such a massy Proportion, that one can scarcely suppose that others than the Sons of *Polypheme* could have erected them: The Order of all these Buildings is of a Stamp which proves them anterior to the Refinements of the *Grecian* School; in the Ages of polite Literature in *Greece*, these Temples must have been regarded in the same Light, as a truly venerable Gothic Cathedral in present Days. Near *Trapani* on Mount *Eryx*

Eryx, are some slight Vestiges of the famous Temple of *Venus*; and near the Coast they pretend to shew the Tomb of *Anchises*.

In this eastern Part of the Island, betwixt *Trapanè* and *Palermo*, stands the most striking Relique of *Sicilian* Greatness; on the Pinnacle of a Mountain, on a desert Down of a vast Extent, where once flourished the antient City of *Segeste*, now stands an isolated Temple, entire, and of the same huge Proportion with the Remains of *Selinunte*: Strange Vicissitude! once was this venerable Fabric hemmed in by Buildings, and echoed all the Bustle of a Town, now not a single Vestige of quondam Habitation exists, and the lonely Wolf couches on the very Threshold. Let us turn from these venerable Ruins to a more gay but not more pleasing View of smiling Nature:—Shall I paint you a *Sicilian* Prospect?—draw the Whole into one ideal Sketch? Look over that most luxuriant Valley; Vines, Figs, every Fruit, every Vegetable, the Object of Necessity or Luxury, flourish there almost spontaneously; the different Possessions are
divided

divided by Hedges of the Indian Fig or Aloes, all in Bloom; the Vale is small, but Nature hath brought all her Stores from the North, and from the South, and dissipated them therein: Two Rivers flow, to the Right and to the Left; the one a rough Torrent, dewing the whole Bottom with its Spray; the other flows placid, deep, and clear, as a smiling Miser, steals silently through his Treasures, still dropping to each Store: To the Right is a vast abrupt Mountain spotted with Ever-greens and Vines; on or near the Summit, stand various, most romantic Villages, and one is dashed by the Stream which rushes into the Valley; to the left is a mountainous Rock, equal in Altitude to the Opposite, but scarcely graced with a Shrub, or even Herb; on the extreme Pinnacle are the Remains of an old *Saracen* Castle; to the Front the Horizon is bounded by a vast Down, spotted in its Cavities and Vales with all the Riches above described: Such is *Sicily*.— What Beauties! regret them not; they speak only to the Imagination, they are not enjoyable; the sultry Summer or watery Winter, render these Charms of but little Effect; the quick Tor-
rent

rent is in the Summer but a mere Bed of Gravel; in Winter, at Times, overwhelms Houses, Cattle, and the whole Valley with a Flood: in the hot Season, the Exhalations from the more placid Stream are fatal to all in the Vicinity; nay, the Odours of the sweetest Flowers are supposed to be noxious.

The Towns which we beheld on the Mountains, are and enjoy most beautiful Points of View; but it is not Choice, it is the Necessity of avoiding the bad Air which has placed them there; they are so many Prisons of Wretches, to whom Languidness from the excessive Heat has taken away every Wish for Liberty: It is this Languidness, this Contentment with negative Existence, which is the Bane of this Country; to live and to do nothing, is the utmost Hope and Wish of a *Sicilian*.—The Road is open, he arrives and knocks at the Convent Door; another and another does the same; there are more Monasteries than Houses, and the Country is barren, save where the superior Luxuriancy of Nature hath made up for the Defect.

I am, &c.

P. S.

P. S. We arrived yesterday, after a Voyage
of four Days, from *Palermo*; myself the
only one not affected by the *Mal-aria*.

F I N I S.



14 JU 62

